

A VOICE FROM
THE WEST

L. T. MARTIN

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~~Dec. 25 1911~~

A VOICE FROM THE WEST

A Few Sketches Written in Various
Moods—Culled from the Pages
of a Western Journal

By I. T. MARTIN

“The greatness of our government is but the reflected glory of our homes; if our posterity is destined ever to sing the ‘Star Spangled Banner,’ it will be because it treasures even more jealously, the sacred strains of ‘Home, Sweet Home.’”

1908

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PREFACE.

The vagrant sketches of this little volume were for the most part, originally published in a western journal, and are reprinted at the request of many of the staunch friends of that paper.

I take this means of expressing my gratitude to Rev. J. W. Gormley of Kansas, for permitting the reproduction of his splendid article on "Home and Government," an eloquent tribute to the Stars and Stripes and a fearless denunciation of divorce.

I. T. M.

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CHAPTER I.

HOME AND GOVERNMENT.



HERE is a book older and better than all others; a book which holds an honored place in almost every home in the civilized world; a book which both instructs the mind and comforts the heart; a book which describes the origin of the human race and narrates its history for four thousand years; a book which solves every problem of life, both individual and national; a book to be read with reverence, because it was inspired by the one true God. To this good, this venerable, this blessed, blessed book I appeal, in order that I may show forth authoritatively the dignity and the rights of man; in order that I may prove to you that the Christian home is the unit of civilized society; in order that I may demonstrate to you that the greatness of our government is but the reflected glory of our homes; in order that I may convince you that any theory or practice which would destroy the sanctity of the home is at the same time a danger to that which in all climes men who have hearts adore by the great title of their country.

Behold how eloquently this blessed, blessed book bespeaks the dignity of man. Not in it that earthy doctrine that he is but the chance product of blind physical force, evolved by indefinite process from some protoplasmic cell. Not in it that beastly doctrine that he is of simian ancestry, and that his highest aspirations are after all but brutal instincts. No, no, O God, Thou hast made man and he is the work of Thy hands; Thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels; Thou hast crowned him with honor and glory because Thou hast created him to Thine own image and likeness.

Not by right of evolution from some baser element; not by right of development from some inferior species; but by right of his immortal soul, the Divine image within him, Adam stood erect in the garden of Paradise, the lord of creation, possessed of power to command the elements; the lord of creation, endowed with dominion over the beasts of the earth; the lord of creation, free in it as God Himself; in the very heaven of heavens. Indeed he might acknowledge God or ignore Him, serve Him or disobey Him, love Him or hate Him; for his was absolute freedom of will; his was liberty of thought, of speech, of action,—liberty full and entire.

True, God might and did impose laws upon Adam. Nature too, might and did impose its limitations, but he was still left free to violate the former or transgress the latter. Nor violations nor transgressions such as these, no matter what other

punishments they might deserve, could destroy his freedom of will, or abate one jot nor tithe from his liberty. Thus in his primal state the dignity of man consisted in his absolute freedom as a moral agent, nor was he ever deprived of this dignity by the curse of an angry God.

Our proto-parents did indeed lose Paradise to themselves and their posterity, but they did not lose their distinguishing dignity, or even the possibility of happiness. As the unfortunates of these latter times, condemned to flee from their habitations, gather up and carry with them their most precious treasures, so Adam and Eve carried from the primeval Paradise those twin virtues, which are the pillars of modern civilization; the love of one man for one woman, which finds its glorious crystallization in the Christian home, and that love of liberty to think, to say and to do, in accordance with the dictates of the individual conscience, which finds a no less glorious crystallization in the representative government of these United States of America.

Man made to the image and likeness of God possesses a dignity above and beyond all created things of earth. As the intellect is superior to the senses, and the free will to blind instinct, so man is superior to stone or beast, to all evolutions of matter, organic or inorganic. This, the doctrine of that blessed, blessed book, and I subscribe to it with my whole heart, because it teaches me to respect both myself and my fellow-man; because it represses grinding avarice and vaulting ambition;

because it shields the miserable, weak and unfortunate poor; because it tolerates no distinction between man and woman save that of sex; because it strikes down the tyrant and raises up the slave; because, in one word, it means the good old doctrine of equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

So much for the dignity of man; now as to his rights, some of these are determined by his very nature; others arise from circumstances. Since God creates him, man has the right to life as long as God wills it, since God has endowed him with free-will, man has the right to use the same.

Since it is inconceivable that a just and merciful God creates him to be miserable, man has a right to the pursuit of happiness. These three are what our Declaration of Independence calls the inalienable rights of man. They are given him by God Himself, and no power that is not of God may justly deprive him of them. So true this that were these the only rights of man, any form of government, save a theocracy, were blasphemy.

But man has other rights than these—rights which arise from his relations with his fellow-men. Thus man has physical strength and therefore the right to labor; man labors and therefore has the right to wages. Man invests his wages in property and therefore has the right to be protected in the possession of the same. To guarantee every man such rights as these is the purpose of government. Naturally it follows that the form of government which gives the best guarantee of these rights is

the best government. Whatever its past mistakes, whatever its present imperfections, I believe that government to be the one which began active operation under the presidency of George Washington in 1789; the one which still endures under the presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, to-day the foremost man of all this world; the government which has made the fabled Atlantis of the Western Seas the land of the free and the home of the brave; the refuge of the oppressed of every clime and creed.

I have said that our first parents carried with them from the Garden of Paradise that love of one man for one woman which to-day builds and supports the Christian home, and that love of liberty which has instituted and still maintains popular government. Love of home and love of liberty are twin virtues. The hearthstone of the former is the altar of the latter. Pollution of one means desecration of the other.

This accounts for the fact that the first form of government the world ever knew was the patriarchal. Under it the dignity of man was respected because it made no distinction between man and his fellow, save those ordained by God and nature. Under it too, the rights of man were guaranteed by love, both domestic and divine. But patriarchal government was destined by its very nature not to endure. This was precluded by the growth of the human race and the consequent intermarriage of the patriarchal families.

It was succeeded among the Israelites by the government of the judges of elders; a government

which was practically a republic; a government which respected the dignity of its meanest citizen and protected him in his rights; a government which was popular and representative in so far that the people themselves might choose their rulers. Thus through the patriarchs who were bound by the ties of blood to respect the dignity and the rights of man, and by the elders who were bound to the very same by virtue of the trust reposed in them by the people, the very flower of mankind was ruled for three thousand years; aye, three thousand years of glory destined to be followed by two thousand years of gloom. And why? And how?

Alas, the sons of God grew enamored of the daughters of men. The sacred love of one man for one woman was trampled to the earth. The glory of wifehood was sacrificed. The pure delights of home were transformed into the sinful orgies of the harem. Behold the result. His surrender to his carnal passions made man created to the image of God like unto the beast of the field. As the strongest animal always heads the herd, so the strongest animal man, made himself the ruler of animal men. Then and not till then, was the God of Heaven blasphemed on earth by the doctrine of the divine right of kings; then, and not till then, was the dignity of man compromised by the obsequious bows and servile flatteries of royal courts; then, and not till then, were the sacred rights of man made the prey of monarchs and despots. Verily, the same poisonous breath which

extinguished the fire on the hearthstone of the home, blew out the torch which illuminated the altar of liberty.

Small wonder that the God who had made man superior to every created thing of earth; who had made all men free and equal by giving to each of them His own image and likeness; small wonder that this God withdrew His protection from the heathen who were the inventors of kings; small wonder that He should inspire the lion-hearted Gideon to spurn as a temptation from the devil the offer of a royal crown; small wonder that when the degenerate Israelites petitioned Samuel for this heathen institution that self-same God shook Heaven and earth with the cry: "They have rejected me."

Verily, they who first did violence to Heaven in their clamors for a king, committed a crime secondary in malice only to that of their children, who two thousand years later in the court of Pilate cried out: "We have no king but Caesar," and rejected Jesus Christ their Savior, for Barabas, a robber.

Indeed as the Jews began to indulge the vices of the heathen, they began to adopt their forms of government. They rejected God; they took unto themselves a king; they prostituted the dignity of their manhood; they sacrificed their most sacred rights.

God suffered these things to pass because He would not deprive man of his liberty; because he would not take from him the honor and glory

of His own image and likeness; because in His own good time He would achieve the redemption of man by the sublimest manifestation of His love; because He would accomplish the purification of government by the sanctification of the home.

Over the protest of the God who had made them His chosen children, unmindful of His piteous plea that they might not forsake Him, the Jews became subject to kings of earth; worshippers of idols of clay. Hellward and downward they careered for nearly two thousand years—hellward until the image of God within them was blurred and defiled by almost every vice—downward until they became the most abject vassals of the usurper Roman who profaned their Holy of Holies; until

“By the waters of Babel in sadness,
They silent sat captive and wept;
And mused on the days of their gladness,
When their feasts in lost Sion were kept.”

Abroad as slaves they wore the clanking chain; at home as subjects they were scourged with scorpion whip. Such was the fate of the common people among the Jews; worse still their lot among the heathen. Enthralled in densest ignorance, they grovelled as worms before their despots living; victims of grossest superstition, they paid divine honor to their tyrants dead.

It is when we reflect on this last sad fact that we must cease to wonder why our Father in Heaven forbade His children on earth to make unto themselves kings of clay. Full well His wis-

dom knew that when man is once given absolute power over the image of God in his fellow-man, he will be seized with the pride of Lucifer and will not hesitate to usurp other powers and prerogatives which belong to God alone. This is true because tyrants have always arrogated to themselves divine attributes and exacted from their victims divine homage.

Two thousand years the world endured this perversion of nature, this mockery of the Deity; two thousand years of the brutalization of the people and the deification of rulers. Then to inspire those who had been degraded to brutish levels to rise and resume their heaven-given dignity, and to rebuke those whose unholy ambition had done violence to the heavens and the glory of Him who sits on the throne thereof, The Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us.

Christmas night, nineteen hundred years ago, the gold-crowned tyrant heard from angel voice that glory should be given to God alone; the poor laborer that he possessed the peace and good will of heaven itself; that he was both spiritually and socially the peer of his proudest fellow-man; that this equality was guaranteed by the common fatherhood of God in brotherhood with Jesus Christ. Verily the effulgence of heavenly light which then illumined the hillsides of Bethlehem was meant to rekindle the torches on the altar of liberty the wide world over.

Thirty years later the Christ began His public career—began to remind men of those twin virtues

their proto-parents had saved from the ruins of Paradise, the love that crystallizes into a happy home and the liberty that crystallizes into popular government.

Wisdom Incarnate, how well He knew that the home is the unit of society; that the purification of government must be achieved through the sanctification of the home.

His first sermon was the Sermon on the Mount. Therein He absolutely and unequivocally denounced divorce. Thus He sanctified by His doctrine the marital love of one man for one woman; thus He restored to man the first of those long-lost heirlooms of paradise; thus He made the home again the earthly image of heaven.

Later, on the shores of Galilee, in accents which still reverberate through the corridors of time in all their sacred sweetness, He declared: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And thereby He proclaimed the fundamental principle of popular government. For what does love of neighbor mean? Ah, it means nothing other than reverence for his God like dignity and respect for his God given rights. To secure this reverence and respect is likewise the purpose of popular government. Thus it was that Christ restored to man that other long-lost treasure of Paradise. And after He had enriched these treasures still further with His most precious blood, He showered upon His apostles the Pentecostal tongues and sent them forth to make the whole world a garden of peace and pleasure by preaching the sanctity of the home and the

brotherhood of man. From Jerusalem they went both eastward and westward, each one a Hercules consigned to clean an Augean stable. Forth they went to preach purity to the lecherous, charity to the selfish and humility to the high and mighty ones of earth. Small wonder that at first they made but little progress; small wonder indeed that the heaven worked at all. But it did work. Slowly but surely the Rome of Caesar became the Rome of Christ. One after another the heathen idols fell: one after another the barbarian tribes were civilized; one after another swords were beaten into plowshares; one after another camps were converted into cities. For a time, indeed, the reign of universal peace and good-will seemed at hand. But alas for the frailty of human nature! The peoples of the Orient soon wearied of the chaste delights of the home, and returned to the luxurious riot of the harem. And there they remain to this day, men unconscious of the dignity of man, men dispossessed of the rights of man. They grovel beneath the grinding heel of tyrants because they revel in brutish pleasures. They have their despotisms because they have their harems.

Not so thank God, the people of the Occident. Although it took him a thousand years, the European finally learned that God had not destined woman to be his toy or slave, but his companion and comforter through life. Although it took him a thousand years, the European finally learned that the child is not a mere product of physical powers, but a heaven-given bond to secure forever the love

of husband and wife—the complete fulfillment of the words of God: “They shall be two in one flesh.” Although it took him a thousand years, the European learned to love his home more than the banquet-board or the battlefield. As he learned these things he likewise learned to revere the wife and child and home of his neighbor. When he learned this latter he forthwith began to assert his dignity and vindicate his rights as a man. In all the majesty of this consciousness he rose up at Runnymede and wrung from the reluctant hands of King John the Magna Charta—the birth certificate of social and political equality, of civil and religious liberty, of popular and representative government,—the Magna Charta destined to a glorious transfiguration into the Constitution of these United States of America.

But European soil itself was not favorable to the growth and development of representative government. The kingdoms and monarchies and despotisms rooted in it were so ancient as to appear even venerable. Indeed, they were in some instances hallowed by the kindred spirits of false tradition and superstition. Destruction of these seemed irreverent iconoclasm. Before the turret gray and steeple green, the lover of liberty hesitated, and he who hesitates is lost. So true this that had the Anglo-Saxon and Celt been confined to their native lands, representative government on earth might still be but a dream of the visionary.

But behold! As of old, God raised up Moses to lead His people out of bondage and beyond the

tyranny of the Pharaohs, so now He raised up Christopher Columbus to show the home and liberty lovers of Europe a new land where the tradition of kings and the superstition of Divine Right were unknown. America was discovered and the untitled nobility of Europe began its exodus.

The Puritan came to Plymouth Rock and the Anglican sailed up the river James. The Quaker cleared the woods of Pennsylvania, and the Catholic landed at St. Mary's. The Huguenots settled the Carolinas and the Spaniard peopled the Floridas. The virgin soil was stroked with the wand of industry and answered the caress in smiling harvests; of enduring oak and stately pines were builded homes and temples, shrines and sanctuaries sacred to love and liberty. On prolific soil and under benign heavens the pioneers prospered far beyond their fondest dreams. One hundred and fifty years elapsed and their condition had grown to be the envy of the tyrant in their old home.

Like some monster devil-fish he extended his relentless tentacles across the ocean's broad expanse to seize and crush the freeman in the New World. Behold his first despotic law—a law which struck at the inviolability and sanctity of the home—a law which deprived man of the sacred right of privacy even in the bosom of his family. This law was passed in 1761 and was known as the Writs of Assistance. By it any and every myrmidon of the tyrant was empowered to enter and search any house he chose on the slightest pretext

or suspicion—nay, he need not have either pretext or suspicion.

Small wonder then that James Otis rose up in Boston and made what the English historians are pleased to call an incendiary speech. Indeed it was an incendiary speech. It lighted a conflagration which swept the country from York State to the Carolinas. It awakened in every American heart the fires of patriotism; it produced a blaze of universal indignation. When the tyrant George struck at the dignity and privacy of the American home, he sowed dragon's teeth and he was bound to reap a harvest of armed men.

One year later the governor of Massachusetts expended four hundred pounds sterling for a sloop of war, ostensibly to protect the American fishing boats from the ravages of the French. This was a comparatively insignificant sum, but as it was ordered by the governors and not voted by the people, it gave Otis another splendid opportunity, which he did not neglect. Forthwith he proclaimed to his countrymen that it made little difference whether they were ruled by King George or King Louis, as long as they were taxed without their consent.

Thus it was, that the first American to publicly declare that the home is sacred and inviolate was also the first to proclaim that taxation without representation is tyranny; that the first spokesman for the dignity of the American home was also the first champion of representation government. Indeed, so closely identified are the

good home and good government that the defender of the one is the logical vindicator of the other. And this is true whether that home defender be James Otis of Revolutionary fame or some obscure husbandman who dwells to-day upon the prairies of Kansas.

The minions of the tyrant accused Otis of treason, but they could not convict him. Baffled before the law they assaulted him and left him enfeebled in mind. The goddess of liberty was compelled to look upon her foremost champion as Ophelia beheld Hamlet, with his most noble and most sovereign reason like sweet bells jangled out of tune.

Later, the soul of James Otis, the first American to denounce the tyrant George, went forth to heaven on the lightning's flash, even as of old the prophet Elias, who denounced the tyrant Achab, was taken up in chariot of fire.

But to return from heaven to earth—from the contemplation of noble men to the consideration of ignoble measures. The English administration was hopelessly ignorant of America and American affairs, so hopelessly in fact, that the secretary of state was wont to address letters to the governor of the Island of New England. This ignorance does not excuse, but it may explain the adoption of those three despotic measures which produced the American Revolution, namely: the Navigation Act, the Mutiny Act, and the scheme of direct taxation.

By the Navigation Act the colonists were pro-

hibited the sale of many of their staple products, and the purchase of many of the necessities of life, in any markets save those of England.

By the Mutiny Act an English army of more than ten thousand soldiers was ordered to America, and the colonists were commanded to furnish them both hire and domicile.

By the system of direct taxation inaugurated, England sought to obtain revenue from taxes on many of the commodities used in domestic and business life, such as tea and commercial paper.

How damnably tyrannical each one of these laws! Verily the spectacle made by England one hundred and forty years ago when she hurled these three despotic laws at the home and liberty lovers of America has no counterpart save in the monster Cerebus, who bays deep-mouthed danger from three heads at all who would forsake Hades.

But the howls and fangs of a governmental Cerebus might not frighten men conscious of their dignity and jealous of their rights. They smuggled their produce out of the country, and their necessities in; they burned the English stamps and tossed the taxed tea into the waters of the deep; they indignantly refused to quarter or support the english soldiery.

Ten years endured these galling encroachments of the tyrant; ten years too, endure this steady resistance of the freeman. What meant this constant friction? What portended this long delay? Ah, you venerable men who dwelt in Kansas that ever memorable summer of 1860, you younger ones

who remember the drouth of 1901, you can answer these queries as well as I.

In those dread years how fiercely the sun shone down! How quickly the earth grew parched. Week after week passed by! The hot winds blew and the young vegetation withered! The heaven grew more sullen and the atmosphere more sultry. Betimes a cloud in the west, or a red sheet of flame in the north, gave promise of relief, but the promise died in the night. Only after weeks had passed into months was God moved to mercy. Then great clouds of black and grey careered tumultuously over the horizon; the livid lightnings flashed in the skies those divine hieroglyphics which proclaim as nothing else the grandeur of Infinite Power and Majesty; the thunders in the heavens rolled, and as it were shook to the earth in veritable floods, the tears of pitying angels.

The storm over the sky threw off its barred visor of leaden hue, and donned its veil of star bespangled azure. Mother Earth divested herself of her garments of brown and yellow and sere, and decked herself in the green of the meadow and the gold of the harvest. The atmosphere became lightly laden with the fragrance of flowers, and the heart of the husbandman was again made happy with hope.

Like unto those dread months of drouth before the bliss-bringing rain, were those ten years of American History, prior to our assumption of a place among the nations of the world.

The Stamp Act and the Public Bonfire; the

Navigation Act and the Smuggler Sloop; the Tea Tax and the Mohawk Marauders, the Mutiny Act and the New York Riot; the Quartering Act and the Boston Massacre, each and all of these portended the time when the welkin would ring with the chorus: "Give us liberty or give us death"; the time when all America would forsake the farm and garden for the tented field; when the old flint would proclaim the dignity and plead for the rights of man at Lexington and Concord; when the brazen-mouthed cannon would borrow the music of heaven, to sound the funeral march of tyranny—of the triumphal march for liberty.

That march was begun the 4th of July, 1776. More than five long and weary years it endured. Greater by far the privations of the American patriots than those of the Israelites in the desert. No manna was rained down from heaven to relieve them from famine at Valley Forge. No shoes protected their feet from the snows at Princeton; no tents canopied them from the rains at Eutaw Springs; ever a numerous foe surrounded them; ever before them gleamed the prospect of myriad gibbets.

But as the spring-tide sun shines through the April showers, so the light of liberty shone through all that war—dimly indeed at Long Island and Philadelphia, Savannah and Camden, but brightly enough at Bennington and Saratoga, Monmouth and Yorktown. Finally the treaty of Geneva was signed. England acknowledged the Independence of America. The light of liberty ceased to waver.

It became fixed and constant as the northern star.

After the lapse of eighteen centuries the doctrine of Christ: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," was to be made the basic principle of a mighty nation; the dignity and the rights of man were to receive full governmental recognition; the fairest land under heaven was to be made still fairer by a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. All traditions of kings and superstitions of divine right were to be banished hence. Indeed they were banished by the self-same sword that victor flashed at Yorktown. As the lion-hearted Gideon refused a kingly crown, so did our own immortal Washington. And lo! since that date in all civilized lands the glory of kings has paled. In every clime to-day hark to the chorus of the common people:

"We want no kings but kings of toil—
No crowns but crowns of deeds.
Not royal birth, but sterling worth
Must mark the man who leads.
Proud monarchies are out of step
With human thought to-day,
For Brotherhood is understood
And thrones must pass away."

Not only did Washington spurn the offer of absolute power; he even resigned the chief command of the army. He withdrew from the honors of public station to the peaceful privacy of Mt. Vernon; he refused the proffered palace and retired to his old home. His noble example was

followed by his soldiers all. What a sublime spectacle this, and withal what a novelty among men.

Other wars for liberty's sake had been waged in the world before, but their conclusion only too often saw the successful leaders degenerated into petty rivals for dictatorial powers, and their followers degraded into armed banditti. But the generals and the soldiers of the American Revolutionary War who went forth to Bunker Hill shouting the war cry: "Give us liberty or give us death," returned from their victory at Yorktown singing:

"An exile from home, triumphs dazzle in vain,
Ah, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There is no place like home."

Such the character of our Revolutionary heroes. They loved their country dearly because they dearly loved their homes.

The adoption of the Federal Constitution followed our war for Independence even as benediction follows prayer. The blessings won by the heroes of that war were thereby guaranteed to themselves and their posterity.

The dignity of the white man was acknowledged by his universal enfranchisement. The preservation of his rights was assured by the ballot which made him the sole custodian of the same.

Free homes and free ballots. What benign influences! How they have prospered our government—prospered it until it has grown stronger

than any other government in the world; until it has extended from the snows of Canada to the sunny slopes of Mexico, from the boisterous breakers of the Atlantic to the gentle waves of the Pacific; prospered it until the oppressed of all nations rejoice at the name of America even as of old the Israelites exulted at the sight of the Promised Land, until the Benjamin in the family of nations stands to-day forth the first in science, progress, and mutual love; until it struck the chains from the negro and bade him to rise up and be a free-man. It is true this last advance provoked a terrible war—a war so terrible that well might the eloquent Henry Ward Beecher say of it: “It came to pass as the prophet said. The sun was turned to darkness and the moon to blood. The land was made a spectacle to angels and to men. The soil drank blood and was glutted. Fruitful fields were turned back to wilderness. The sword sat chief-magistrate in half a nation.” But terrible as this war was, it was a necessary and a godly war. From it the whole world learned that we respected the rights and dignity of every man, white or black; that while we were jealous of our own dignity and rights we were not neglectful of others; that our country was not an accursed Cain among the nations crying out: “Am I my brother’s keeper”; that our national life was rich in the charity of Jesus Christ. Therefore, from ’61 to ’65 every crimson stripe of our star-spangled banner grew richer and redder with martyred blood, that the heavens above us might

dome at least "one land without a serf, a subject, or a slave."

Amid the horrors of this war appeared the Emancipation Proclamation, the crowning work and sublimest proof of our love of liberty. Then too, behold another striking proof of the American love of home. It was given when the opposing armies were encamped on either side the Rappahannock:

"A camp of blue, a camp of gray,
A peaceful river rolled between,
Were pitched two rifle-shots away.
The sun had set the west aglow,
The evening clouds were crimson snow,
The twinkling camp fires faintly seen
Across the darkening river.

"Then floated from the Federal band
The spangled banner's starry strain.
The Grays struck up their Dixie Land,
And Rally Round and Bonny Blue
And Red and White alternate flew.
Ah, no such sounds again shall cross
The Rappahannock River.

"And then above the glancing beam
Of song, a bugle warbled soft and low,
Like some bird startled in a dream,
'Home, Home, Sweet Home.' And voices rang,
Our Blue and Gray together sang—
All other songs were like the snow
Among the pines when winds are stilled
And hearts and voices throbbed and thrilled
With 'Home, Sweet Home' forever."

Would you have still further proof of this magnificent trait of the American? Look then to Appomattox! How delicately the vanquished Lee states that many of his men own their horses! How chivalrously the victorious Grant replies: "Let all such keep them; they will need them for work at their homes."

Look again to that grand parade in Washington a few days later. Every brave man who marched in the parade was indeed proud he had helped rout the rebel, proud he had helped save his country. But beyond this pride he was glad he was about to be mustered out of military service, glad he was going home, glad he was soon to meet mother or daughter, wife or sweetheart once again. Verily, the "tramp, tramp, tramp" of that march was as soulful music to the words of "Home, Sweet Home," words ever dear to the heart of the true American as those of the Declaration of Independence.

Thus far I have traced the sacred love of one man for one woman, from the ruins of Paradise to its crystallization into the happy home of to-day. I have likewise traced the love of liberty from that same source to its crystallization into our present representative government. I have done this that I might prove to you that the greatness of our government is but the reflected glory of our homes; that I might convince you that good government yesterday, to-day and forever is produced only by good homes; that if our posterity is destined ever to sing the "Star Spangled Banner," it will be

because it treasures even more jealously the sacred strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

Well may we breathe a prayer of gratitude that thus far none of these holy hymns has been forgotten; but at the same time let us not blind ourselves to the fact that even now conditions exist which threaten to consign them to oblivion.

I have said that the greatness of our government is but the reflected glory of our homes. If this be true what a tremendous responsibility rests upon woman for she is the queen of the home. If her kingdom is in order then will our country be safe; if it is in confusion then there is national danger ahead of us. And before God I believe that the spirit of anarchy is rampant in her kingdom to-day.

Only too often do we hear from the lips of her who was included in the curse: "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread"; from the lips of her who was created to be the helpmeet of man: "I will not work in any man's kitchen." Words like these are veritable blasphemies against those old-fashioned homes from which came the founders and saviors of this nation. The mothers of Washington and Franklin, Grant and Garfield, worked in the kitchen. They worked there because they rightly believed that a wife should be a resource to man and not a liability; because they knew full well that a wife incompetent to run every department of a household might easily wreck the fortunes of the most industrious husband. Ah, I grant you that many a fortune has been poured into a whiskey glass, but at the same time, I dare

to say that many a good man's hard earned wages has been poured into the sands, by a wife who neglected to train herself for kitchen work. Therefore I beg to remind the young women of to-day that the great mothers of America were even proud of their knowledge and skill in the culinary sciences and arts, and those who would exert the influence they exerted, and enjoy the esteem they possessed, must imitate them in all things. Therefore do I beg to tell them that more than anything else, a thorough knowledge of kitchen work will make them true benefactors of their country, for well has the poet said:

"We may live without poetry, music or art;
We may live without clubs, we may live without books,
But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

Too often, too, from the lips of our young women we hear these sad, sad words: "I just wish I could marry rich." As our millionaire heiresses have learned to lavish their smiles upon the degenerate scions of those Europeans whom our Revolutionary fathers scourged from this country, so our home-spun beauties are forgetting that the mate "for beauty should be a man and not a money chest." Let all such remember that Thomas Jefferson, the author of our Declaration of Independence was a poor man. In fact, the latter years of his life were spent in penury, and he died practically a pauper. Yet, I dare to say he did more for mankind than any John D. Rockefeller with his five hundred millions. And I dare to say

further that the day on which our women forget that an honest man is the noblest work of God, will witness the complete degeneracy of the American people.

Would to God that every American young woman possessed the same ideal as a certain acquaintance of mine. Once upon a time I asked her what she would require of her prospective husband, and she replied: "I would require only that he should give me as good a name as I would be compelled to forsake for his." Had she been inspired of God she could not have uttered a more sensible speech, for He Himself has said: "A good name is better than great riches." Indeed, the man possessed of a good name has "honor and courage—qualities which eagle-plume the soul," and make it infinitely superior to those weak waxen minds which constitute the scum of our society, and are almost as contemptible as its dregs.

Finally, our modern women are eaten up with a misguided zeal which too often leads them from the serious work of home to the frivolities of the club-room. Indeed, so pernicious has the multiplication of Woman's Clubs become that the best interests of society to-day demand that they be treated like the saloons. Either they ought to be absolutely prohibited or at least placed under strict police regulation. Let me prove this by examples which have come under my personal observation.

A few months ago a woman came to a certain probate judge in Kansas and wanted him to send

her thirteen-year old girl to the reform school. The judge was surprised because the woman was quite prominent in the town, and was also in well-to-do circumstances. He inquired of the mother the reason of her startling request, and she answered that she could not keep her at home. The judge then asked to have a personal interview with the child before he would take any action. In this interview the child admitted that it did not stay at home as its mother commanded. The judge then asked her why? Behold her answer: "Because mamma always goes to her club in the day time and her lodge at night, and there isn't anybody at home to stay with me." Could even a Kansas joint create a worse catastrophe than this?

Another instance! A few weeks ago a little boy scarcely three years of age, was picked up on the streets of a certain Kansas town one afternoon. He was the child of a prominent family, but he was crying piteously for something to eat. They brought him home, but the house was locked. Different parties then went in search of the child's mother, and where do you think they found her? In some joint? Perish the ungallant thought! They found her reading a paper in the Browning Club. Verily, if this woman's club evil continues to grow, we will have to change the words of the old song, and our children will be forced to sing: "Mother, oh, mother, come home to us now." God pity us, but a few weeks ago a great lawyer compared an American mother to a beast, and with the greatest disparagement to the mother. Is not such a thing

a tremendous indictment of conditions amongst us? But if the home is to be neglected and forsaken for the club and the lodge room and other frivolous allurements from duty, what can we expect but the degeneration of the race? On the other hand, would we be numbered among the other nations of the world to-day had not the mother of George Washington remained at home and trained her children? Would James A. Garfield have taken such a grand place in history had his mother been a club woman? Indeed not. Woman at the club; she is an angel with a broken wing! Woman in the lodge room; she is a mermaid washed ashore! Woman in the kitchen; she is truly the helpmeet of man! Woman in the nursery; she is worthy to bask with the immaculate Mary in the heavenly light which flooded this earth on its first glorious Christmas morn!

These things I have said, thus I have addressed myself to the young women of America, for, after all, the ideals of men are moulded in woman's heart. If the woman he loves wants man to bring her wealth and peace, like Macbeth he will bring them, though he must play most foully for them. If she wants him to bring her honor, forthwith he will become a Hotspur, "ready to pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon or dive to the bottom of the deep and drag up drowned honor by its locks." O, woman, woman, what a great responsibility is yours! You are the keepers of our hearts and homes. In your hands are the fates of men and nation. Like Madame de Maintenon, you can

inspire and elevate men; like Madame de Pompadour, you can debauch or degrade them. Like Isabelle of Castille, you can make your country glorious; like Catherine of Medici, you can make it infamous. Yours, and yours alone, the honor of the patriot or the shame of the coward, the glory of the martyr or the infamy of the traitor. Would you have striking proof of this! Behold the Revolutionary General, Richard Montgomery. He married a woman whose heart was ever in her home, and whose mind knew naught but ideals of honor. When he parted from her to join the army his last words were: "You will never have cause to blush for your Montgomery." To make himself more worthy of her love, he died cheering his men to victory or death amid the snows and ices of Quebec.

On the reverse side of the picture behold Benedict Arnold. He married a woman who loved the ballroom more than her home, and her unfortunate husband had to sacrifice his honor and betray his country to pay for her extravagances. The influence that could make a Richard Montgomery can make a nation: the influence that could pervert the one-time heroic Arnold can ruin any country. That influence is woman. The wife of Montgomery was a Miss Livingstone. May her tribe increase. The wife of Benedict Arnold was a Miss Shippen. May her race have perished. May our young women banish from their minds the ideal of a man with great riches! May they enshrine there forever the ideal of a man with a good name. Thus they shall make a mighty con-

tribution toward the preservation of good and happy homes and great and glorious government.

But what virtues must man himself practice that he may possess a good name? Ah, they are the twin virtues of industry and sobriety; industry that he may obtain a good name, and sobriety that he may save it.

It is the teaching of the Apostle that work is the law of life; it is the American doctrine that there are no kings but kings of toil; it is the doctrine of the wise that the noblest man is he whose brow is often wet with honest sweat; it is the advice of the poet:

"Get leave to work

In this world—it is the best you can get at all.

Men say crowns for foreheads: God says sweat;

Thus God in cursing gives us better gifts

Than men in benediction."

Labor both builds the home and temple, and beautifies the mind and heart. It produces earthly excellence and gives contentment to its every devotee. But it achieves these triumphs and secures these blessings only when it is attended by sobriety. To make himself a home a man must save as well as earn. But he cannot save without sobriety. Behold even to-day the fortunes which were acquired by a father's industry and lost by a son's insobriety! Behold the homes which have been builded upon the rock of honest labor, and yet were swept away by the relentless floods of intemperance. Behold even the family names which have

been made honorable by the toiler, but were later dishonored and disgraced by the drunkard.

I have said that a man endowed with honor and courage was possessed of heavenly qualities well worthy of the love and devotion of any woman's heart. When I spoke of courage I meant more than that virtue which is afraid neither of physical danger or physical labor; I meant, above all, that higher moral courage which keeps the dignity of man unsullied from the base contaminations of the barroom or the brothel. When I spoke of honor I meant that glory with which noble men have wreathed the images of God within them by pure and temperate, virtuous and industrious lives.

Let our women be faithful to exact these virtues in their companions and consorts and the Christian home and the American government shall endure forever. This be at once their duty and their glory.

“There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o’er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night.
A land of beauty, valor, virtue, truth,
Time-tutored age and love-exalted youth,
The wandering mariner whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole.
For in this land of Heaven’s peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature’s noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer spot than all the rest.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man, a patriot, look around!
And thou shalt find where'er thy footsteps roam;
That land thy country and that spot thy home.
Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel guard of loves and graces lie,
Around her knees domestic duties meet
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."

Thus does poetry, the chosen language of the refined soul and the natural vehicle of immortal truth, proclaim the influence of woman, gentle woman, in home and country.

And truer still the words:

"Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no bliss in Eden's rosy bower.
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled."

Indeed, behold Adam in the Garden of Paradise! Well might such a picture inspire the poet to exclaim: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form of moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a God!" Adam in the Garden of Paradise! Behold the material luxuriance and elegance and splendor around him. Foliage of green and russet so beautiful that it well might serve for the draperies of heaven! Fruits kissed into blushing ripeness by the chaste sun-beams, shrub-

bery amid which the zephyrs moved with the graceful lightness of Cherub wings! Water bright as angel forms with murmurs sweet as seraph voices! Music of birds, harmonious as the melodies of celestial choirs! Above him all the glories of the star-bespangled heavens "a majestic roof fretted with golden fire." Beneath him all the beauties of the flower-grown earth, a carpeting ordained for the God who walked with him. Angels in the distance everywhere gazing with wondrous and reverential awe upon that flesh which in the fulness of time was to be glorified by their Lord, Himself. Adam in the Garden of Paradise! Verily eye has not seen nor ear has not heard, neither has there entered into the mind of man, a full conception of his material bliss.

But alack and alas! Foliage and flower, the murmurs of running waters and the music of singing birds are but tinsel to Almighty God, and now He is come to look upon His work. He beholds Adam with none of his own kind to share in his joy or his glory; with none of his own kind to regale him with converse or sustain him by example. Aye, thus it is that He sees Adam; thus His divine heart is touched to pity; thus He exclaims: "It is not good for man to be alone." Then as the crowning work of his Love and the first work of his mercy, God created woman—woman to be a help-meet to man.

Once upon a time I stood on a peak of the Alps, those cataracts of adamant uplifted into

mountains, making oceans metropolitan for the splendors of the dawn. There I saw that royal orb, the king of light and life, rise to gather the dewdrops from many a goblet of flower and quaff them to the happiness of a new born day. I saw him dissipate and annihilate the brooding pestilence which crept in the mists of the meadow; I saw him flatter with sovereign eye the dark outlines of the dense forests; kiss with golden face the meadows green; gild pale streams with heavenly alchemy; and awake into glorious activity all living things within the scope of his vision or the radius of his great heart of fire.

I have seen all this transpire in the twinkling of an eye, and I thought it a moment of veritable and ravishing enchantment.

But how prosaic all this compared to the scene which transpired when the spirits of Adam and Eve rushed together in the Garden of Paradise.

Ah, my friends, there is a scene in the New Testament whose remembrance may give you the reverence to look worthily on this. Behold Thomas, one of the twelve. He refused belief in the risen Christ until he might place his hand in that lance-pierced side. But when this glorious privilege is granted him he exclaims at once: "My Lord and my God!"

As the doubting Thomas crept with reverential awe into the presence of the risen Christ, so methinks the erst conscious Eve glided toward the majestic Adam. Thus, too, she placed an anxious but affectionate arm around that side from

whence was drawn her very self. Then as the hearts of both began to throb and thrill with the ecstasy of earth's first love, the one exclaims: "My Lord and my Husband," the other, "Bone of my Bone, and flesh of my flesh! My God-given wife and heaven-destined mother of my children." O scene serene, O scene sublime. How all nature transforms itself in that happy moment! How the affectionate ivy reaches out its tendrils to embrace the hearty oak! How the roses seize each other in rambling arms! How the very animals begin to leave the herd in pairs! Adam and Eve in the Garden of Paradise! O scene sublime and solemn. Behold again that happy pair. Adam, the goodliest of men since born. His consort, the fairest of her daughters, Eve. Behold them there, joined hand in hand, linked arm and arm. Hark to the pure sweet vows they whisper! Look above! The heavens open! God's holy hands are extended in solemn benediction. Earth's first marriage ceremony has been performed. Paradise has become a Paradise indeed. It is become a home—a home, sweet home, a home blessed by God.

Adam and Eve in the Garden of Paradise, joined hand to hand, linked arm in arm! The choirs of birds and angels hushed into stillness by God's solemn benediction. Surely all who look upon this hallowed scene will kneel in reverence. Surely every heart that now throbs and thrills with love will vow to feed its bright, pure flames forever. But alas, souls there are who look upon

it with baleful eyes, and their gaze turns its every beauty to ashes. Souls they are indeed, but like unto these treacherous blossoms which lure to the sting of the nettle; souls with that tinculent glare of the cobra's eye which so often beguiles the gem-hunters of the Ind to the poisonous fangs of death. And these are they who see in spirit the scene we have just beheld, who, indeed, recognize that the marital joy of their first parents was the crowning glory of Paradise; and yet dare to advocate divorce. Good God, what a profanation! Should the arch-angel Michael rise up in heaven and plead the moral righteousness of Satan, his action would not be more audacious or scarcely less blasphemous. Indeed, the doctrine of divorce is worse than diabolic.

Behold in Paradise another scene! See that sinuous, tortuous form! How craftily it writhes its length along. Behold that red, green glare—the blood and poison of those eyes. See that venom-coated forked tongue shoot out. It is the slimy serpent whose every hateful hiss means death.

These horrid sounds seethe in the curious ear of Eve: "Eat, eat, eat! Eat that forbidden fruit! Eat, eat, eat, and you will become like God!" Ah, fatal appeal to mortal ambition; appeal freighted with death for Eve and all her kind. But upon the monster that made it, the advocate of divorce can dare to throw no stones. For, after all, this monster is not so bad as he. Indeed, the serpent did not entice Eve to leave her

home or husband; did not suggest to her the unhappiness of the one or the unworthiness of the other. Rather he utilized her great love for Adam to compass his designs against the majesty of God. And methinks, as Eve reached out for that forbidden fruit she flattered herself that she did so only for the embetterment and advancement of him she loved. Thus I say that he who champions either in theory or practice the unholy cause of divorce, ranks lower in the scale of morality than the serpent who brought into Paradise man's first disobedience and all our woe.

And while I say this, think not that I am come before you merely as a priest of the Catholic Church and an exponent of her doctrines. No, I am come merely as a citizen to discuss with you the fundamental relations of home and government. I have tried to prove to you that the representative government which we Americans very properly prize so highly, owes its institution to the pre-existence of good homes; I believe further that its preservation is also dependent upon the continuance of these same blessings. I believe, too, that these latter are threatened by that modern moral pestilence known as divorce, and that it is my sacred duty as a citizen to inveigh against it.

And here I beg to remind you that the Church of Rome was not the first to raise its voice against this evil. That honor belongs to the father of the human race, and his condemnation of it was pronounced in the Garden of Paradise. When his waking eyes first feasted upon the loveliness of

Eve he exclaimed, "Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." Were not these words a most solemn affirmation that man's wife should be as sacred to him as his own life, and that he should cherish her as carefully? Do not these words of Adam place the divorcee in the same category as the suicide? What stronger condemnation of divorce would you have? But He Himself made that condemnation stronger when He said: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife." Did you ever reflect that the only other text of Holy Scripture which compares with this is the words of Christ: "If a man love father and mother more than me, he is not worthy of me." Thus the union between man and wife is modeled after the union between God and the Christ-purchased soul. And as the soul that separates itself from God shall surely die, we may well tremble for the fate of the divorcee.

"Wherefore shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife." Is there anyone who has a spark of sympathy for that degenerate child who abuses or neglects its parents; for that monster in human flesh, who through some caprice or passion would forget the groanings of the mother who bore him, or mock at the grey hairs of the father who provided for him in the helplessness of his infancy; for that incarnate fiend who would refuse his aged parents the comfort of filial love, or the assistance of filial duty? I do not believe so. Then in the name of God, and with these

words of your first parents ringing in your ears, words which proclaim the union of wife and husband were more close than parent and child, how can you still excuse the man who through some brutal passion neglects, abuses, or puts away his wife? How can you still excuse the woman who through some idle caprice refuses her husband the love and fidelity unto death she pledged him before the altar? As long as I read these words in the book of Genesis—as long as I believe them inspired of God, and I hope, I pray, that I may retain this glorious belief until life's fitful fever is over,—I shall always believe that the curse of an angry God is as heavy on the divorcee as it is on the disobedient and degenerate child, as it is on the improvident and infidel parent.

For me there needs no discipline of the Catholic Church to strengthen my belief. That belief has its firmest foundation in the very first pages of God's holy book—a book which has long since became the heritage of Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, all alike.

I know that the creedless soul will call this a hard doctrine and refuse to accept it. I know that subterfuges will be invented to escape from it. I know that excuses will be offered for the justification of the divorce. I know that in modern times there are tales of marital woes that would sound as Pandemonium in my ears. But I know, too, that the greatest tale of marital woe is the sad, sad, story of the loss of Paradise.

The offended and irate God called the unfortu-

nate and sinful Adam to account. He answered that the deed was done by the woman whom God had given. This answer was indeed a reproach to Eve, but if ever husband had cause to reproach his wife it was Adam. All the material glory of Paradise was wrenched from him in a moment; his portion became at once the bitter poverty of thorns and thistles. Disease began to rack him; death to menace him. All this because Eve strayed from his side for a brief hour; all this because she suffered herself to be deceived and beguiled by the tempter; all this because of her frailty and weakness. But conscious of the terrible loss she wrought him, he was still more conscious of the early vows he made her. Faithful to these in that hour of woe, he seized her hand even more gently and lovingly than before, and led her toward those regions of gloom, to which they were directed by the wrathful angel with the flaming sword. God saw this noble act of marital love and forthwith He rewarded it. Behold now He dissipates the darkness of the world beyond the portals of Paradise with the magnificent promise of a Redeemer. With this holy light to guide them, and their own pure love to sustain them, our first parents wrought together until their spirits left their bodies. Oh, if ever a mortal pair were faithful to each other for richer, for poorer, in sickness or health, until death did them part, that happy pair was Adam and Eve. Therefore they deserve the imitation of their children. Fidelity, both in prosperity and adversity, fidelity even unto death.

This is the virtue we need in our every home to-day, and we need it even more for the sake of the country than we do for the Church. For after all governments are like individuals. They have their periods of adversity as well as prosperity; their days of gloom as well as their days of glory. Citizens, therefore, we want who are faithful in trial as well as in triumph. But whence shall these come unless from those old-fashioned, God-blessed homes, where husband and wife, father and mother, like Adam and Eve, toiled on, patient in grief, sober in joy, faithful, loving, God-fearing in all.

Would you behold other homes than Paradise and other examples than Adam and Eve? Let us then pass by five thousand years of human history to visit the Home of Homes and look upon the best examples. It is the hovel of Nazareth which shelters Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. I call it the Home of Homes, because it contained the father of fathers, the mother of mothers, the child of children. I call it the Home of Homes because it was the abode of prayer, peace, and love. It was the abode of prayer because it contained Him who taught us how to pray. It was the abode of peace, because it contained Him, whom the fire-cleansed tongue of the prophet had proclaimed the Prince of Peace. It was the abode of love, because it rejoiced in the love of a mother and a God. I have called its inmates the best examples because they are our divinely-given teachers and models. Indeed, Jesus proclaims Himself the Way,

the Truth and the Life; the arch-angel declared that Mary had found grace with God; and the Evangelist describes Joseph a just man. Dare anyone advocate divorce within these hallowed walls or before such sacred personages? If so the magnificent life of the immaculate Virgin confutes him with eloquent example; the saintly Joseph cites the admonitions of the angels to rebuke him; and Jesus declares that whosoever puts away his wife and takes another commits sin, and even he who marries her that is put away likewise sins. Thus the doctrine of divorce is condemned in the Home of Homes, and by those holy ones who dwelt on earth solely that we might learn from them the pathway to the skies.

Visit we now another home. It is but a type, and therefore lives only in fancy, but it has myriad counterparts in nature. Behold a man, see what a grace is sealed on his brow. Hyperion curls, the front of Jove, an eye like Mars to threaten and command, a station like a herald Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. A combination and a form indeed where every god has seemed to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man. This man is a husband and a father. By his side behold a woman.

"Eyes not down-dropt nor over bright, but fed with the clear-pointed flame of chastity.

Locks not wide disspread, Madonna-wise on either side her head.

Sweet lips wherever perpetually does reign the calm of golden charity."

This woman is a wife and a mother. Between her and her husband, with a chubby arm around the neck of either, behold a little child of three, with the azure of heaven in his eye, the red of the rose in his cheek, and a cluster of curl like the glory of woman waving over his brow. Approach and ask this little child the familiar question: "Whom do you love the more, Papa or Mamma?" Instinctively these chubby arms will press the heads of his parents closer together and eloquently he will answer: "I love Papa and Mamma both the same." Thus it is that the divorce court is repudiated by the voice of nature.

Let us visit another home, the home where you were born and where dwell your father and mother, sisters and brothers. How oft does not fond recollection present it to your view? How oft in retrospective vision do you not behold the smile upon the face of your dear old mother as she moved with delight in the performance of her household duties? How oft do you not see the countenance of your good old father, sober, perhaps even severe, yet somehow serene with the consciousness of duties well and nobly done. How oft do you remember that when the shades of eve had fallen and the work of day was o'er, brothers and sisters gathered around the family board and their joyous laugh of youth rang out those silvery peals which speak of bosoms pure and stainless.

"And since there is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
Since there is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

You remember the death-bed, perhaps, of a best-beloved sister—a flower that was just shown on earth and snatched away—a flower that the angels saw and loved and called to adorn the skies. Ah, this, the magnificent picture which nearly every man treasures in his memory. And would you have this picture marred or tarnished by the divorce court? Would you have this modern vandal raze out from this picture the figure of either your father or mother? Indeed not! And thus it is that every memory of your old home condemns divorce.

But you have another home, the home you have builded for yourself. It was of this you dreamed all the days of your youth; for this you have worked all the years of your manhood! The happiest moment of your life was that in which you marched from the altar to the hearthstone to crown some loved one the queen of this home. Your heart her throne of honor, and under heaven no throne more precious than the heart of an honest man. Gladly you vowed to cherish and protect her, and both your heart and hers glowed with a joy akin to that of heaven, when you beheld the living pledges of your love unfold under your common care and like budding flowers fairer grow from day to day. And now should some advocate of divorce approach the altar even as you pronounced those vows for better or worse even until death, and mocked at your devotion, would you not have considered his very presence a profanation of the sanctuary, and would he not

have been as offensive and repulsive to you as the venomous toad squat at the ear of Eve? Had he entered your home on that day your first child was born, and proclaimed again his diabolic doctrine, even as that darling babe with its tiny hands was pressing the hearts of father and mother closer together, and making them nearer and dearer to each other than they were made by the matrimonial vows; would you not feel that he should be hurled from your house even as Michael hurled Lucifer headlong from heaven to hell? Thus it is that divorce is condemned by the home of love's young dream.

And now list to a far more withering condemnation. Some years ago in a little country town, by reason of some caprice or passion, a husband and wife, father and mother, were divorced. Their only child was given in charge of those holy women, who like Mary have looked upon the cross until they too have become mothers of all the sorrowing. A few months passed by. The child grew deathly sick. Medical care was lavished upon it in vain. When its death became imminent, its parents were summoned. Both of them came. For awhile they knelt on either side of the sick-bed—knelt there indeed until the Father in heaven took their babe unto Himself. Then the husband arose. Piteously he looked upon that little corpse—those lips he had kissed so oft, now gray and ashen; those tiny feet whose pit-a-pat once made sweet music, sweeter than the strains of "Hail to the Chief" as they ran to meet him when he came

home from his daily work; those helpless arms that were wont to clasp him round the neck and teach him something of the tenderness and lovingness of the embrace of God. Aye, long he looked on that dead form, and then he extended his hands across it to his wife with the words: "Mary, I don't know whether I have wronged you or you have wronged me, but I am sorry now!" She took that hand and between sobs answered back: "John, I don't know whether I have wronged you or you have wronged me, but one thing I do know, we have both wronged this poor dead child." Thus it is that divorce is condemned even by the voice of the penitent.

And now in this condemnation of divorce by these many homes, I trace another, and perhaps the greatest resemblance between the Christian home and the American government, and that is, that the union of husband and wife, like our glorious union of states, is one inseparable by any power save that of God alone. What secession was in the political order, divorce is in the moral order. The sole difference between them is that secession was a rent in the superstructure of our government, while divorce is a crack in its foundation. We thank God that the chivalry of the North delivered our country of secession; and as good Christians and good citizens, let us pray that the chivalry and the beauty of a united country may deliver it of divorce.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE MISSION.



HERE have been many and conspicuous historical instances where Catholic missionaries, penetrating to the most inaccessible corners of the globe have made the world ring with their heroic achievements. Men endowed with the spirit of martyrs and with the ardor of the prophets have been blazing the way to the Door of Faith for centuries, and men of the same calibre are doing the self-same work in the Church to-day. The Saints of the Church are not all dead, nor do they all toil in foreign lands. It has been aptly said that, a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and the old adage may fittingly be applied to the venerable Bishop Hogan, of Kansas City, the oldest living Bishop of the Church, and perhaps the only one who, starting out in the wilds as a Missionary Priest, organized the diocese over which he was destined to one day preside. While the Bishop Hogan of to-day is a feeble old man only waiting the Final Summons, now practically leaving the cares of his diocese in the hands of others, those who know his life book, and who have been permitted to read between the lines, know that the venerable prelate has been as enthusiastic and as earnest in the cause of religion

as were the saints of old, and that his personal sacrifices in the spreading of the Gospel, have been no less than those of many of the martyrs of the Church who preceded him by centuries.

The physical hardships and drudgery of the priest in the wilderness is little understood by people living in the densely populated cities, and even in the diocese of Kansas City to-day, there are workers in the vineyard whose long and weary hours are spent amid the jetsam and flotsam of humanity, the only reward sought being the hope of the final sentence: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," after poverty and hardship have been set aside, and "every man's work shall be made manifest."

Away back in the sixties, when Jefferson City was the terminus of the Missouri Pacific railroad, Bishop Hogan was a young priest in charge of St. Michael's Church, of St. Louis. Imbued with the missionary spirit, Father Hogan prevailed upon Archbishop Kenrick to relieve him of parochial duty in order to bring the Gospel of the Living God into the wilds of the State. It is worth recalling the fact that the late Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago succeeded Father Hogan as pastor of St. Michael's Church.

Starting out on the mission, Father Hogan reached Center Point, after an arduous trip by rail, river and stage route, and here perhaps for the first time in North Missouri, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by the zealous young priest in the only building in the town—a one story—two room

shed, with floor and roof of cottonwood boards, but without plastering or the least protection against the elements. Father Hogan converted one of the dingy rooms into a chapel, and the other did duty, as combined study and living quarters, while meals were obtained from neighboring farm houses. A few laborers composed the congregation, and a crowd from the backwoods would turn out on Sunday to "see the priest," but illy concealing their surprise at their failure in beholding the horns and the other paraphernalia then popularly supposed to belong to every well regulated Catholic priest. Occasionally one of these people would invite Father Hogan to dinner, and Bishop Hogan tells of one case where the banquet consisted of squash and watermelon, spread out on the puncheon floor of the cabin, and served in generous portions with the aid of a convenient scythe. "Etiquette in vogue in the wilds of Missouri in those days," said Bishop Hogan, "did not call for knives or forks."

The chapel and residence of Father Hogan at Center Point stood upon wooden blocks, the floor being about two feet above the ground. The space underneath the floor, hollowed out to some depth, was partly filled with stagnant water, affording a delightful retreat for the hogs of the neighborhood on their frequent sallies into town, on pleasure bent.

¶ "Upon one occasion," said Bishop Hogan, "having recited my office and said my beads, my attention was called to the fact that a fresh crowd of

visitors had taken possession of the underground story, and their antics led me to believe that they looked upon the occupant of the upper story as an invader. Soon a more than usual racket of biting, squealing and grunting became painfully evident, and this, added to the all but unbearable odor of the place, completely unnerved me for the moment. Yet I might have possibly have held the fort and been victor in the end, had not a new and novel attack been made upon me. The master hog of the place, a huge fellow, adjusting his itchy back to the floor underneath my feet, his bristles sticking up defiantly through the cracks, gave me and my little chapel such a rocking and shaking that I began to think the end of the world was nigh, at least for me. Realizing that the abomination of desolation was in the place, I fled to the woods close by. How I spent the wearisome night, I do not know. In the morning, however, with renewed courage, meekly and humbly I went to the poor railroad laborers and told them my pitiful story. They then built a log shanty for me, some twelve feet square and eight feet high, built it of unhewn timber, leaving openings for a door and for one window. A bedstead, a table and two chairs, made of undressed planks from a neighboring sawmill, completed my household furniture, and here I read Mass, taught Catechism, and performed the other routine of my priestly office."

Thus was laid the foundation for what is now the dioceses of Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo., Bishop

Hogan having first been made Bishop of the latter diocese, and eventually transferred to Kansas City.

After a few more hardships like the one with the alien tenants, Father Hogan finally concluded that Center Point was not destined to be the central point of Missouri, and decided to seek other quarters for the spreading of Catholicity. An Irish contractor loaned the young priest a horse which had been called "John the Baptist," by the original owner—a backwoods preacher—evidently with a penchant for the good St. John. Having followed his heavenly patron, St. John, into the wilderness, it is not so surprising that the horse so named by the preacher should carry Father Hogan into a delightful little town, charmingly situated in an open prairie surrounded by woods—Chillicothe as it was in 1857, a town of about one thousand inhabitants. Father Hogan found there was one Catholic woman in town married to a non-Catholic, a lawyer, the other 999 inhabitants being of the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Campbellite "persuasion."

The day after his arrival in Chillicothe, Father Hogan read Mass at the home of his "congregation"—the one woman referred to—and soon had the happiness of baptizing the children of the family, and teaching the catechism to those old enough to permit of instruction. Here Father Hogan made his first charitable bequest. The little home of his "congregation" was about to be sold to satisfy a mortgage of a little more than two hundred dollars, and the family turned out into the streets.

To pay the mortgage would take every penny the young priest had in the world, but he cheerfully gave it. The providential relief of the worthy, but distressed family, opened a chapel and a temporary home, even though a poor one, for the young missionary, and the husband became a Catholic, one of the children having later become a Sister of Charity.

The various pastors of Chillicothe refused to permit Father Hogan to read Mass in their places of worship, but the use of the Court House was secured, and here Father Hogan lectured to all who chose to come. At the close of a week's series of lectures one of the citizens of the town donated a lot upon which to build a church, and and thus the first mile stone was safely passed.

Having decided upon Chillicothe as the central mission station, Father Hogan set out on horseback for Milan, the county seat, intending to look up the Catholics of the vicinity. Approaching Milan, he was brought to a sudden stop by a shower of rifle shot, sent in his direction by a band of young ruffians of the town. There was not a Catholic in Milan, and Father Hogan made a hasty retreat. Overtaken at nightfall in Linn County, the young missionary applied for lodging and food at a farm house, where he was royally received, the host never for an instant dreaming that he was entertaining a Catholic priest. The evening was spent in a religious discussion, the farmer giving vent to his opinion of the Papists in

general and the priests in particular, and it was not until Father Hogan was safely started for Chillicothe in the morning, and had paid for his lodging and meals, that he revealed his identity to his astonished host. "I am the Catholic priest who attends the railroad men in this section, and I hope to meet you again," said Father Hogan, while the host remained standing, gazing after the retreating figure in black, glued, as it were, by fear, to the spot. No doubt he considered himself lucky to be alive after having harbored for the night, a real, live, Catholic priest!

From Chillicothe, Father Hogan visited the surrounding towns, meeting with sorry disappointment on every side. A deep-rooted prejudice existed against Catholics; the poor railroad laborers, good Catholics and generous of their slender means, were not able to build a church, even though the ground had been donated at Chillicothe. The disastrous financial crash of '57 was on, the banks were failing throughout the United States; and so, the valiant "John the Baptist" was returned to his owner at Center Point, while Father Hogan decided, in the face of every obstacle, to maintain his headquarters at Chillicothe.

Many pathetic scenes were met with by Father Hogan in the vicinity of Chillicothe. At one out of the way place, the gentle Apostle of the Wilderness found a woman in the last stages of a fatal disease, to whom he administered the Last Sacraments, the dying woman telling him that he

was the first priest known to have ventured into the neighborhood of Ten Mile Creek. At another rude hut, the good priest baptized two little children, acting as sponser himself, none other being at hand.

But perhaps the saddest case of all his years of bitter experience on the mission in the wilds of Missouri, was that of a family, a mother and several little children, living in a deserted shanty along the railroad where work had been long since abandoned. Happening to notice the cabin in his travels, Father Hogan came closer to investigate, and, to his horror, found the poorly clad children crawling on the bare earthen floor, and near them, in a rude bed made of sticks and twigs, and covered with hay, lay the mother—speechless and in the last agony of death. Through the open door and the wide open space between the logs, the cold damp wind was blowing, the mournful cries of the perishing children adding to the desolation of the place. In vain the young priest tried to rouse the sufferer to consciousness, and then, kneeling by her bedside, he gave Absolution, Extreme Unction and the Plenary Indulgence to the departing spirit. Hastening to the railroad camp some two miles distant, Father Hogan told of the condition of the family in the open stable on the river bank, just beyond the hillside; rough but willing hands came to the aid of the children, and in time to close the eyes of the suffering mother in that last long sleep. Subsequent events proved that the husband of the woman had gone some forty miles distant in search

of work, and when he returned, he found his children cared for by stranger hands, and his beloved wife sleeping in her grave among the neighboring hills, freed at last from the hardships of the pioneer.

About sixty miles west of the spot where this woman gave up her life, the result of privation and hardship, another touching incident came under the notice of the zealous priest, ever on the alert for the poverty stricken and the meek and lowly. An emigrant family found shelter in an unoccupied stable, while the father journeyed afar on a business venture. With the ground covered with snow and the bleak winds of March whistling a mournful miserere, the young mother, far from friends or from human ministration, gave birth to twins. Father Hogan found the mother, ere death had laid its blighting hand upon her and administered the Last Sacraments. The desolate, cheerless stable and the patient mother recalled that other stable—the Sacred one at Bethlehem—and the young priest baptized the infants Joseph and Mary. “When the Angel of Death claimed the mother for his own,” said Bishop Hogan, in after years, “so sweet and helpless seemed the little angels, that I fain would have folded them in my arms and carried them away to safety under the warm folds of my cloak, but He who said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto Me,’ had a place in heaven for them, and mother and children were buried in one grave, on a hillside in the northwest corner of Caldwell County, where God and his

angels may look down forever on the resting place of the humble, patient mother and the children of the lowly stable."

After having endured the hardships of the mission life on the edge of civilization for about a year, Father Hogan set out to build his first church at Chillicothe on the site previously donated for the purpose. The plans of the church were agreed upon, and the trustful priest, intending to be absent for some time on a mission tour, paid the contractor in advance for the job. When he returned from the mission through the woods, Father Hogan learned that the contractor had left for parts unknown, and that the structure he had left could be destroyed with a good puff of wind, not to mention the vigor of a Missouri storm. Soon, however, the makeshift building was replaced, and the first church of either diocese of Kansas City and St. Joseph was built, the art glass windows shipped from St. Louis. The beautiful windows were not long permitted to shower their delicate rainbow tints over the fair Chillicothe, however, a rather too fervid sermon by the zealous priest against forbidden secret societies, bringing a midnight visit from enemies, who destroyed the windows with a shower of stones—windows prized like pearls from afar by the faithful, but an object of hatred to others. Chillicothe's first Catholic church then humbled itself to its surroundings in the depths of the wilderness, and plain glass replaced the gems of art from the metropolis of Missouri.

The church completed, a cemetery lot was purchased and fenced in beneath the shadow of the church and its Cross, and the first man who contributed to the cause, was likewise the first to rest within its confines, having met death that very morning by drowning, thus bringing home forcibly to the people the full force and meaning of the words: "Watch ye, therefore, because you know not what hour your Lord will come."

Thus began the career of the present Bishop Hogan, of Kansas City, who in his youth, found consolation in the humble patience and uncomplaining poverty of St. Joseph, and who, when elevated to the Bishopric, selected the Flight into Egypt for the coat of arms, to be graven on the episcopal seal. "The Nazareth of his youth," is what the venerable Bishop loves to call his missionary years on the Missouri, and it is a fact that a priest of the diocese of St. Joseph is reading Mass to-day, in one of the same places that did similar duty for Bishop Hogan so many years ago.

The experiences of the venerable and well-beloved prelate are duplicated every day, even now, throughout the Far West, and willing workers continue to bring the comfort of religion and the Light of Faith into the Wilderness; into the highways and the byways; away from the haunts of men, and into the stables that still echo to the cry of life and death. Through the heroism of these priests, those whom Fate has cast on the outskirts of civilization, have the Gospel of the

Living God brought home to them, and the injunction of our Lord is carried out by willing workers, ever eager to bury their talents and every worldly ambition, in the thick of the oblivion of the pioneer settlements, that the Light may shine for all men.

CHAPTER III.

WAR DAYS.



THE story of the missionary days of Bishop Hogan, from the time he started out from St. Louis to preach and teach to the dwellers in the wilderness of Missouri, to the building of the first Catholic Church in the State at Chillicothe, breathes the spirit of the martyr, but the hardships and the privations met with by the zealous young priest in his travels through Northern Missouri were as nothing when compared to the obstacles which he encountered in the southern part of the State. The church completed at Chillicothe, Father Hogan ventured about forty miles south, where he soon had builded a one-story log house, which, partitioned off, did duty as pastoral residence and Chapel—the church home of some forty odd families scattered throughout Southern Missouri. The little Chapel in the wilderness, hidden by the sturdy trees of the forest, was well attended, and the seclusion of the place seemed to inspire devotion and unite the heart of man in praise and wonder of the Great Creator.

Weathering many a gale and making the journey on horseback and on foot, Father Hogan divided his time as well as he could between Chillicothe and the new settlement in Southern Missouri,

guided on the way by the rays of the sun or by a pocket compass, which it was necessary to carry while the good priest was blazing the trail for civilization. Oft times the storm broke, and neither sun nor compass could avail to lead the traveler over the course, and, like a ship in a gale, the missionary was obliged to rest the while and await the clearer skies.

Bishop Hogan is authority for the statement, that when he started out on the mission, realizing all its hardships and dangers, he found thirty-two counties in the interior of the State, having an area of sixteen thousand square miles, the place once and a half as large as Belgium, and half as large as all Ireland, without a single Catholic Church or a priest, and having not more than a dozen Catholic families. In recounting these days of his youth, the venerable Bishop of Kansas City said: "In early boyhood, I took a great delight in reading the Annals of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, and in following the work of the missionary priests in far-off countries. With all the ardor of my soul, I followed them into China, into Japan, into the savage caves of Borneo, Siam, and other unknown regions of the world, but nowhere did their lives and labors seem so beautiful to me as on the Great Plains of North America; little I then dreamed that God, in His unsearchable way, would lead my footsteps to that far off Western Hemisphere, where I would enjoy the blessed privilege of bringing the Gospel of the Living God to the emigrant families, settling

in a new country, and but too apt to lose the faith in their new surroundings."

Eighteen hundred and sixty was a year of tremendous excitement throughout the United States, but Missouri, as a border State, faced more than its share of the brunt of battle. Churches and schools, religious and benevolent associations, public works and private charities were suddenly suspended or paralyzed. All that was, was comprehended in one word, War!

The tidal waves of wrath and power fell one upon the other. Out from the recoil came the shouts of victory and the moans of defeat; and, with both, the cries of the widows and orphans, to whom the strife, end as it would, could bring no comfort. The peacefully inclined fled in terror, and Missouri lost its tens of thousands—fully as many by flight as by combat. The poor settlements for whose spiritual welfare Father Hogan labored, suffered irretrievably, the one in Southern Missouri especially so; the opening days of '61 brought no promise of peace, and no hope for the progress of the missionary work. Governor Stewart, in his valedictory address, called upon the people of Missouri to stand by the Union, while Governor Jackson, in his inaugural address, was pleading the cause of the South and beseeching the people to stand by the South while life remained in the manhood of Missouri!

The call of the President of the United States for men to maintain the Union was refused by the rebel Governor of Missouri, though responded to

by the people of the State in large numbers. Troops from Illinois, Iowa, and "Fighting Kansas" came to the aid of the loyal Missourians, while those of the State who were standing by the South were formed into battalions and regiments, and the first fierce struggle of the war occurred in the very center of the Mission District of Father Hogan.

Father Hogan was in Brookfield on missionary duty when the officer in command of the military detachment guarding the town, received word that telegraphic communication had been cut off, and that the town was in danger. At once the drums beat tattoo to arms. The soldiers were soon in line, all eyes turned on the surrounding hills, looking for the signs of battle. Messengers soon came with the news that the rebels had burned the railroad bridges east and west, and were marching to Brookfield to take it. The tattoo beat again, this time through the streets of the little pioneer town, summoning all able-bodied men to arms, to fall into line with the soldiers, for the common defense. Previous to this flags floated gayly and defiantly from almost every housetop in Brookfield, and Union men, when passing, never failed to cheer for the Stars and Stripes and for the loyalty of the little town. But the loyalty and the floating banners were but sham attire, for when the tocsin of war sounded that bright morning in Brookfield, its citizens were terror-stricken, and the flags were hauled down, illustrating full well the fact that the dressy man

on parade is not always the bravest in battle. The only loyal flags that dared to float that day in Brookfield, flinging their folds proudly alike to the battle and the breeze, were the one carried by the color sergeant and the fearless one that floated from the masthead at military headquarters.

Few people, even in Missouri, are aware of the fact, but when the drums called the citizens of Brookfield to arms on that eventful day, the young Father Hogan was one of the first men to appear at military headquarters. Shouldering a musket he took his stand with the Boys in Blue, ready to do his share, and to give up his life, if need be, for his country's cause. It is worth noting, and is likewise a matter of history, that the only preacher in the town on that day, hid himself in a corner of the round house until messengers arrived bearing the news that the rebels had given up their attack on Brookfield, and concentrated their efforts farther south, where they came out victors.

Schools were closed throughout Missouri, and Father Hogan gathered together the children of the settlement, the Catholic and the non-Catholic, became their teacher, and settled many a squabble between the youthful defenders of the Yankees and the boys from the Land of Dixie. The little church at Mason City—or what is now Mason City, was gutted during the war, its pews and furnishings used for fuel by the rebels, but it was at the close of the war that Father Hogan fought his real battle.

On April Fool's Day in '65, the party then in power

in Missouri, passed the "Missouri Test Oath," the terms of which compelled every minister of the Gospel to take the "Test Oath" before attempting to preach within the confines of the State. The law, of course, was aimed at the Catholic priests, and Father Hogan and one Father Cummings, ignored the law, were arrested, and Father Cummings was compelled to bring his case to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, in order to have the law declared unconstitutional.

Father Hogan was indicted by the Grand Jury of Livingston County, on November 20, '65, "because he did unlawfully, and with force of arms, exercise the function of priest!" Attired in the vestments, Father Hogan went on foot to the county seat to answer the indictment, his two captors riding on horseback. The ring of the true metal was shown by the Catholics of Brookfield, who held an indignation meeting, the while Father Hogan had traveled further south in pursuit of his missionary labors. The judge before whom Father Hogan was brought for trial, in a public speech, had grilled the "Papists" as "followers of the Man of Sin at Rome," and charged them with being opposed to the institutions and the government of the country. Persecuted and offered insult as a law breaker at every turn of the road, one can imagine the surprise and the gratitude of Father Hogan, when traveling more than one hundred miles to appear before the Court to answer the indictment, a gentleman stood up and said:

"May it please the Court, I am not personally acquainted with the Rev. John Hogan, or Father Hogan as he is called, nor am I retained by him as counsel. Nevertheless, I know him by reputation, and I know the cause for which he comes here, so far from his home. I am here to defend him and his cause."

Father Hogan afterwards learned his loyal defender was Judge Ellison, of Canton, Mo., who remained his attorney of record, and his only defender, until the Supreme Court of the land declared the law under which Father Cummings had been indicted, unconstitutional and void, and ordered his discharge. This decision, of course, also freed Father Hogan.

Bishop Hogan has an unlimited fund of tales of the religious fervor of the pioneers of Missouri, but perhaps the one he loves best to tell is of Major-General James Shields, of the U. S. Army, patriot, statesman and soldier, who drove forty miles, to the residence of Father Hogan, to have his son baptized.

The November previous to his elevation to the Bishopric found Father Hogan riding over the wind-swept prairie, on a sick call, contending for his life with the raging storm. Returning from this journey, sick unto death and well nigh worn out with its fatigue, Father Hogan found the document from Rome, which made him Bishop of the Diocese of St. Joseph. When the illness wore away, however, Father Hogan mounted his horse and continued with his mission work, completing his

missionary labors before taking up his residence at St. Joseph.

Age has dimmed his vision and stilled his missionary zeal, but the ardor of the true Soldier of the Cross lives on in the venerable Bishop Hogan, of Kansas City, his feeble steps tenderly guarded by the people for whom he labored so loyally when life was young. In his younger days, friends could not tempt his footsteps from the prairies of the beloved State of his adoption, and now, in the evening of life, Bishop Hogan still loves Missouri for her woods and prairies, and hopes to sleep that long last sleep under the bending boughs of her forests. That many years may intervene before Bishop Hogan is called to answer to the Final Summons, is the fondly cherished hope of the people of his diocese, even though they realize that, his life-work ended, the venerable Bishop will realize that

“The light is sweet, and it is delightful for the eyes to see the sun.”

CHAPTER IV.

A PEERLESS RECORD.



LAST Sunday, while the priests of the Catholic Church were preaching "peace on earth, good will toward all;" while the Catholic and the non-Catholic were wending their way through the teeth of the blizzard to their respective churches, there to adore God and gain strength and help for the battles of the coming week, a scene entirely different was being enacted in another part of the city. A man was standing before an audience of some two or three thousand fellow-beings and embittering their hearts against their fellow-man. Striving with demoniac hatred to set brother against brother, he used every art known to the rhetorician and the orator. And he used them well, judging by the demeanor of the audience, for storms of applause showed that the tiger was aroused in them, and had they the courage and the opportunity, the old cry *Christiani ad leones* would have gone into effect in the year 1907, a year we had thought some hundred years removed from the epoch of barbarism and savagery.

Was the man insane, at least with a temporary insanity, an emotional insanity, such as the murderer pleads to nowadays? No. It was after

nights of cold deliberation, for he had his manuscript before him; in cold blood he revealed his interior, his state of feeling toward Christianity.

They tell me that this man is decrepit; that to all appearances he is about at the end of his little strut upon the stage of life. Before he goes behind the scenes, I want to call his attention to the fact that he did not get away without an answer. I want him to know that he has been met with a denial to each of his diatribes, a thousand times before, by the clergy of the Catholic Church and other churches, and that they will always meet him. He is bringing no new arguments—his brain is not inventive. No fresh meat is served at his banquet; it is the hash that Origen discussed with Celsus in the second century.

Talk about embalmed beef! Does the army of Epicureans who sit at the feet of the defiler of Christianity, raise no protest against the ancient victuals he serves?

Celsus and Voltaire and Paine and Ingersoll, some of them ages ago, raised the points against religion that this romancer is serving up as new discoveries, and the Origenes and the Augustines and the Father Lamberts of their day turned the limelight of logic upon their fallacies, and showed up their error. Yet to-day, the man starts out with what Ingalls would call "glittering generalities." "No master can be great enough or holy enough to make slavery sweet." "Any system of politics that makes an alliance with injustice, oppression and inequality will soon or late be called to ac-

count." "Any religion that requires blind obedience or unreasoning faith, subserviency and servitude, can continue its sway only over the weak, the timid, and the ignorant."

"As man thinketh in his heart, so is he!" Distorted history, half truths, the worst form a lie can take, are made to convey the impression that the popes have been the villains of all history, that they have been the persecutors of the people upon this earth.

"Any system of politics that makes an alliance with injustice, oppression and inequality will soon or late be called to account." We Catholics are praying that in this, the lecturer will prove a prophet. As Gratiano says, "I thank thee for teaching me the word." We are certainly consoled with this platitude, for we believe a great injustice is being done our co-religionists in France, and we are not alone in this belief.

Waldec Rousseau himself, shortly before he died, horrified at the abuse of the law for which he was nominally responsible, denounced Mr. Combes and stated clearly in a spirited speech that he "meant the law to be applied with sense and impartiality and not with a brutality and petty spite unequalled in the annals of modern civilization." If the man who tries to vent his spleen upon Christianity is a true prophet, we may soon hope for better days for France.

The horrors of the days of the French Revolution swept away the possession of the Church in France. It was a day of unparalleled atrocities,

and yet the lecturer revels in it. The deification of the harlot, the forcing of the mother to hold the goblet under the guillotine and catch the ruby drops that spurted from the headless body of her boy, the pouring of his blood down her throat—little incidents of the time of horrors—these and this revolution “all lovers of liberty should esteem,” for in this fearful saturnalia of carnage, liberty was born!

The Church was then robbed of her possessions, erected by the free gifts of a people who in them wished to worship God after their own manner. In the constituent assembly, Talleyrand, who introduced the law for the sale of Church property, asserted that “the Churches belonged to the Faithful.” Not a word about the Churches belonging to the State—all that was left to the day of Waldec Rousseau! Under that law, the government of France pocketed four hundred million francs that never belonged to it, and Napoleon did only scant justice in providing salaries for the Clergy, from the interest on this principal. Now this is taken away.

The Catholic Church is protesting against the spoliation in France. Persecutions have raged against her in all history, as the sea waves beat upon the rock, and the rock dashed them back from her bosom, even as Christ prophesied.

When her lowly children, educating the Indian on the Western shore, were robbed of their possessions, the missions, she raised her voice in their defense, the Hague Tribunal asserted the justice

of her claim and Mexico is living up to its decree.

When the friars had poured out their sweat and blood in three hundred years of labor for the Filipino, and the unjust aggressor took the convent roof from over his head, a just government, our own, steps in and says: "This is unjust and it shall not be."

In a parallel case, when France recovers from the dreadful plague, the black vomit, which now afflicts her, we doubt not but that the words of the hater of Christ will prove prophetic: "Any system of politics that makes an alliance with injustice, oppression and inequality, will soon or late be called to account." It is consoling.

"Any system of religion that requires blind obedience and unreasoning faith, subserviency and servitude, can continue its sway only over the weak, the timid and the ignorant." Well, if this be true, Catholics can prove an alibi. The lecturer, nevertheless, applied this to Catholics. He believes them "the weak, the timid, the ignorant," and that when they attain to his intellectual stature, they will see their error and leave the Church.

There was Ferdinand Brunetiere, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the acknowledged encyclopædia of science, art, history, who forgot to leave the Church. In a speech toward the end of his life, he said: "You ask what I believe? What I *believe*, and I emphasize the word—what I *believe*, not what I suppose or imagine, not what

I know or understand, but what I *believe*—go and ask Rome to tell you.”

Then, among “the weak, the timid, the ignorant,” was the greatest name in astronomy, Copernicus, a Catholic priest. In mathematical astronomy, Leverier. Among discoverers, Marco Polo, Magellan Da Gama, Vespucci, and even Christopher Columbus, who mortally offended the lecturer’s sense of the proprieties by kneeling down in thanksgiving for the discovery of half a world. Among “the weak, the timid, the ignorant,” we find such mathematicians as Rene Descartes; we find in optics such as Malus, Grimaldi, Biot and Augustine John Fresnel; the greatest name in Thermotics is Jean Baptiste Joseph Fourier,—he, too,—was one of “the weak, the timid, the ignorant!”

Did the lecturer ever hear of Buffon and Dabenton in zoology; has he run across the greatest name in botany, Bernard de Jussieu? Sorry to say they were Catholics. In mineralogy, Rene Just Haüy, the creator of the modern science of crystallography; in chemistry, the father of modern chemistry, Lavoisier, were Catholics. In electricity, what names are comparable to Volta, father of voltaism; Galvani, father of galvanism; Coulomb and Amperé, discoverers of the laws governing electricity?

James J. Walsh, in his admirable book, “The Makers of Modern Medicine,” shows that in this science every light that has burned for the world was not only Christian, but Catholic. No ma-

terialist, not one, has enshrined his name on the page of medical history. From Morgagni, the father of pathology, down to Pasteur, the father of bacteriology, not one was an atheist.

Morgagni, Galvani, Laennec, Johaun Muller, Claud Bernard, Pasteur (yes, Pasteur, whom the lecturer testifies the French people voted the greatest of the nineteenth century), these are a few of "the weak, the timid, the ignorant," who rendered obedience to the Church of Rome in life and in death.

"Any system of religion that requires blind obedience and unreasoning faith, subserviency and servitude (my, what alliterations), can continue its sway only over the weak, the timid, the ignorant." Here is the swagger of the real agnostic! Let us dissect it. He is a man who claims to have made profound examinations into the claims of Christianity to his fealty, and decided that the paying of such allegiance would cause him to surrender his liberty and freedom of thought. He looks upon the man who has subscribed to the doctrines of religion as one who has surrendered to a galling intellectual slavery.

Be not frightened by any high-sounding phrase, such as "degrading the intellect," "loss of liberty," etc. If professing religion is degrading to the intellect, then the acceptance of any truth we do not understand is a degradation of the intellect. The lecturer lost his freedom evidently when he learned the multiplication table, and committed himself for all time to say: twice two are four,

twice four are eight, twice eight are sixteen, and so on. He has practically taken the position of the man who asserts he will believe only what he can understand, and has thereby limited the kingdom of truth for himself to very small bounds. Bacon, whom Alexander Pope called the "wisest of mankind," claimed that "man does not know the whole of nothingness." And who understands the essence of matter? After ten thousand examinations, the greatest scientist that ever lived finds himself in the presence of the unknown. Science goes into the observatory and suddenly cries: "I have found the Law of Attraction!" "And what is the law?" says the student. "That I cannot explain," says the scientist, "but the fact is there." She descends into a garden, digs a hole, places a bulb in it, watches the bulb develop a plant, and after that a flower. Ask science how this happens. She answers: "That is vegetation." "But what is vegetation?" "I cannot tell you. It is one of the mysteries of Nature, and I cannot read her secrets."

The spring will soon cause the grass to shoot forth to feed the animal and as you pass along a grassy lane in the country, you will see a horse browsing its succulent blade, and a goose beside him, munching away at the same patch of grass. Can science tell me why that grass turns into hair on the horse and into feathers on the goose?

There are hundreds of mysteries in Nature, right at our elbows, that we believe in but never pretend to understand, and still when God puts the seal of

mystery over religion as he does over Nature, the skeptic ignorantly asserts that "it is degrading to the intellect" and a base surrender of our greatest heritage to believe what we do not understand.

Did Newton and Amphere and Arago and Pasteur, the greatest scientists who ever lived, understand the mysteries of religion? No. Did they therefore reject them? No more than they rejected the mysteries of Nature which they had not penetrated. Behold Sir Isaac Newton uncover his head in reverential awe, whenever the name of God is mentioned. Amphere solves a problem and cries out upon his knees, "Oh God, how great art Thou and how beautiful is Thy religion!" Pasteur, whom the millions of voters of France called the greatest Frenchman in the nineteenth century, the man who dowered France with a heritage of deathless glory, this Pasteur says: "The more I know, the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant. Could I but know all, my faith would doubtless equal even that of the Breton peasant women." The weak, the timid, and the ignorant man!

What strange anomalies these Christianity haters are; they proudly despise the mysteries of faith and are most abjectly enslaved in regard to those of Nature. Tell them the soul of man is immortal and they will not believe it, but tell them that the planet Saturn weighs so many pounds and they will drink it down as though they had Saturn on one of Fairbanks' scales. Lacordaire says: "Everything is good to him who has nothing."

None are ever so gullible as the incredulous. The Emperor Justinus denied the faith, but tremblingly consulted the entrails of his victims to get some sign from them. The Marquis of D'Argent is affected by the malefic spell of the number thirteen. Another devout follower of the infidel Voltaire, a marshal of France, swoons because the salt cellar is upset at table! Here is your agnostic! The man who shuts his eyes and will not see!

Take one evidence constantly before him—the religion of Christ. It has won its unconquerable way in the world, and no man can withhold his admiration for its history and its lofty doctrine. “It is as clear to the eyes of men as were the miracles of Jesus to those of His day.” Matthew Arnold, illustrating what Christ has done, says: “Show me ten square miles in any part of the world outside Christendom, where the life of man and the purity of women are safe, and I will give up Christianity.”

Religion has proven itself the only power of time that could cope with the spiritual and mental miseries of man. It has withstood the attacks of twenty centuries of ignorance and malice. It has given men hope for despair, faith for doubt and love for hate. If barbarities have ceased, if a social conscience has been created, if the duty of humanity has been recognized, if man is not a slave, with the bloody lash cutting into his flesh, wielded by the hand of a brutal master, it is because Christ brought His religion into this world. All the justice that is in the world, all the compas-

sion, all the mercy, has come from the gentle Nazarene.

The infidel witnesses this, and yet he will not see. He is beset by cruel problems which rack his life, which he cannot avoid unless he ceases to think, and to all, he has the brilliant response—"I do not know."

Why, the savage of the wilderness satisfies his poor mind with some sort of an answer to the inquiries raging within him, but the cultured unbeliever has only the reply of the child to his own soul: "I do not know." After years of study, of experience, the result is "I do not know." How admirable! How flattering to reason!

How the "Vicar of Christ and vicegerent upon earth" rang the changes in the tirade of the infidel. Let us look into some of his distortions of history. If Catholics persecuted Protestants, if popes at any time did wrong, I have no apology to make for them; but I ask were these things on account of the doctrines of the Church or in spite of her teachings?

I cannot agree with the infidel that the "popes of Rome," as the pope of the rostrum calls them, were totally bad. I see thirty of these "Vicars of Christ and vicegerents of God on earth," crimson the papal throne with their martyrs blood! I see in history these "foster fathers of ignorance," founding universities at Tolosa, Valentia, Lisbon, Paris, Pisa, Rome, Milan, Pavia, Florence, Perugia, Ferrara, Naples, Copenhagen, Salamanca and scores of other places, where the

number of students enrolled reached from ten to thirty thousand. Are these not facts of history? When I see them the greatest patrons of art and literature, science and philosophy that the world has known, my faith is shaken in the rostrum's pope's infallibility on the matter. When I see them foster the genius of a Michael Angelo, a Raphael; when I see that all the art and architecture that Europe has to boast of to-day, was the result of these popes of Rome, I feel that the ex-minister has to re-read history. When I see Leo face the fierce wolves of Attila and order their carnage to cease, when I see the pontiff in an age of iron, raise his hand and proclaim the "Truce of God," saving the oppressed from the strong armed robber knight who went forth upon his murderous foray; when I see the pontiff, Innocent the Third, "vicar of Christ and vicegerent of God upon earth," compel the royal adulterer to take back the innocent wife; when I see Clement decline at the price of a kingdom to condone the incest of the eighth Henry, I feel the ones who have sat on the throne of the Fisherman were not irretrievably bad. The *Encyclopædia Americana* puts it, that the rule of the popes "was salutary as a bond of union for Europe, in which the still firmer bond of a common civilization and knowledge did not, as at present, exist."

According to the records of the defiler of all things not to his manner of thinking, the popes all through history persecuted the man who differed, burned the heretic, impeded the foundation of republics.

Machiavelli was not partial to the Church or to the authority of the pontiffs, nevertheless when for his pernicious principles, he was condemned by some of the secular states of Italy, he was rescued from imprisonment and exile by the Pope, and permitted to pursue a literary career in the very household of Leo X.

Poponazio was regarded as a free-thinker and his writings were publicly consigned to the flames by order of the Venetian Republic. The Pope, however, asserted his liberty and preserved to him his chair of literature at Bologna, as well as his pension. It was so also with Picco della Mirandola, Boccaccio and many others, who, though gifted with brilliant genius, had strayed into devious paths.

That hatred of liberty bogy with which you thought to scare us! Have you forgotten that at the pope's door in Italy, there lay the Republics of Venice, Pisa, Genoa and Florence, and that it was under the banner of religion that they asserted their freedom? When the giant power of the German Empire put forth its strength to crush these republics, who was it that banded them together, and marshalling their united strength, led them on to victory? It was the "vicar of Christ and vicegerent of God upon earth," Pope Alexander the Third. These republics so appreciated their defense by Alexander that, in gratitude, they founded a city, Alexandria, as a testimonial to posterity of what the pope did for the republic.

Nicolo Tomaseo, whom none will accuse of partiality to religious influence, commends the efforts of the great pontiff, Gregory the Seventh, to sustain these republics. "They who condemn Pope Hildebrand," he says, "as extravagant in arrogance, forget the character of the men with whom he had to deal. They forget that, were it not for him, Italy would eight centuries ago, have become a German province. They forget that to his indomitable firmness Italy owes the existence of those Republics that did so much to promote civilization throughout Europe."

Men of some real ability have assailed Christianity, and she still lives. There was Dollinger, an intellectual giant, "the latchet of whose shoes" the ex-minister of the theatre "is not worthy to loose." Do you not think that to justify his apostacy, to silence the cry of conscience, he searched the Church in her every department as a blue bottle fly hunts for carrion on a summer day, and with what result? None.

"Observe the child that stands on the bank of a rivulet. He stoops, picks up a stone and hurls it into the stream, believing thus to stop it; but the water pursues its course and goes on to the sea, bearing its tiny tribute, and thus it is with the efforts of the atheist. Generations succeed each other going on toward God, and he throws his stone, his blasphemy, believing he will turn them back, but they only pursue the road with greater ardor, to carry their homage to Jesus Christ."

While the pope of the limelight was in his

study, trying to tear down what twenty centuries of Christ has upbuilded, what was going on around him? Look upon every hill in Christendom and you will see the work of Christ to-day—two thousand years after His crucifixion, in the shape of merciful institutions where poor, broken-down humanity can have the balm of human consolation poured into his wounds. Where is the infidel who can point to the like and say: "Behold these monuments, these testimonials of my love and my labor for suffering humanity"?

Do we find him, like the Sister of Mercy, taking up the forsaken orphan and carrying it upon her pure breast, even as Mary carried Jesus, a babe at her breast, from the wrath of Herod? No.

Do we find him picking up the fallen Magdalene and providing a refuge? No, he wraps his cloak about him, as the Pharisee of old, and she goes from his sneer to the dark flowing river.

Is he to be found at the door of the hospital when the rotting cancer-eaten tramp comes in to die? No. These are the arms of Jesus Christ, in the person of the hospital sister, that wind around the shipwreck of humanity. It is her holy hand that goes out to beg bread for the forsaken old, when even their own flesh and blood, Lear-like, cast them to the night.

When the call goes out to all the world for a hero to step out from the ranks and relieve the darkness of the leper's night, in which was not one star, does the infidel answer: "Here am I"? No.

It was one of those priests whom France is driving over her borders now, who stepped out and said: "I will go to them."

"He was a man that matched the mountains and compelled the stars to look our way, and honor us." It was Father Damian de Veuster who went to that lazar house and washed the leper's sores and bound up their stumps for seventeen long years. He went in amongst a people where hand must ever shrink from hand, where every face you met was so eaten by disease that it was a blot on the landscape. He builded their school, he put up their hospital with his own hands, and finally contracted the treacherous disease himself.

This man, a sample of your "weak, timid and ignorant," died for these exiled sheep of Christ's fold, and when the Recording Angel presented to God the soul of Damian, he could say these words:

"Oh God, the cleanest offering of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to Thy feet, we bring—
A leper white as snow."

CHAPTER V.

A MORAL COWARD.



WHEN the Salvation Army announced the establishment of an anti-suicide bureau, that portion of the daily press given to hysteria, heralded the plan with vigor, and pleaded with all those who might be considering such a step, to first call upon the army, have a heart-to-heart talk on the subject, and see if things could not be so arranged that the step might at least be deferred for a time. The plan appealed to a sensation loving element, and the bureau flourished for a time, at least according to the reports of the lassie in charge.

What was to be gained by arguing with an insane man was not made clear; the coward would hardly consider a *tete-a-tete* with the Army, and the suicide necessarily belongs to one class or to the other.

No humorist ever perpetrated a funnier joke than the man who invented the anti-suicide idea. Imagine a man—a boiler maker gone wrong, for instance—determined to end his existence, first calling upon the Army authorities, embracing the Anti-Suicide captain or captainess, unfolding his plan and explaining the route he prefers to eternity, while the Army officer argues against any of the

routes suggested, and endeavors to persuade the man to tarry yet a while in this mundane sphere. The Army might, with equal consistency, establish an anti-lunatic bureau, an anti-eating society, and an anti-sleeping club; the one would be as possible as the other, and each equally ludicrous!

While the idea prevails in some quarters that a suicide must of necessity be insane, investigations do not bear out this theory. Quite the contrary, for every well-planned suicide points in no uncertain degree to moral cowardice. A man is overwhelmed with cares of the business world; financial reverses overtake him; his health is undermined; drink has too often been the cause of his undoing, and when he sees the cords of adversity winding the tighter around him, he determines to no longer "bear those ills we have," and flies to others of which he is innocent. In the face of disaster the man cannot face the world, but he *can* face the unknown. He is certain of an up-hill fight here, and is willing to take his chances where he fondly imagines the odds will not be so overwhelmingly against him. All too often he leaves a wife and helpless children to take up the burden where he laid it down, and what further proof is needed to brand the suicide as a Moral Coward? While the sun shines, he is willing to bear his share of the battle, but when the clouds appear he must make way with himself and escape the worries and the cares of the moment, magnified by his very cowardice into terrific bugaboos of the future.

That the suicide is not insane in the great majority of cases is shown by the fact that, in the insane asylums there is rarely ever a suicide. Violent cases must be watched, perhaps, but not for the protection of the life of the afflicted man, so much as for the safety of those around him. Set a lunatic free, and his first desire may be to kill—not himself, but the other fellow, which proves conclusively not only that “self-preservation is the first law of nature,” but also that suicide is neither a sign of insanity nor one of its attributes.

A suicide is one who voluntarily, and while in the full possession of his faculties, puts an end to his own life. Such an act deprives the suicide of the rights of Christian burial, but ecclesiastical law, like the common law, is inclined to lenient judgment. For instance, if a man be found drowned, and it is not proven that he expressed the deliberate intention of taking his own life, the law prefers to presume some other cause of death rather than that of self-destruction. In such case, according to the strict rule of the Catholic Church, is Christian burial permissible.

The law of the Church is as old as Time itself, and in the olden days, the rare cases of suicide were similarly treated by the Civil Law. In France, a suicide was hung by the heels; in England, he was buried in the cross roads, with a stake driven through his body, that all might note the dishonored grave. In Germany, the suicide was stealthily buried at night, and such a funeral scene, once witnessed, was never forgotten. The Romans

confiscated the property of the suicide, the Greeks considered the act dishonorable, Aristotle considered it unmanly, and among the uncivilized people, while suicide was known, the exception proved the rule, the crime itself being remarkably uncommon.

The Catholic Church, ever mindful of the welfare of her children, does not stoop to any of the hard rules laid down in civilized communities, by the common laws of other days, but in this, as in every other rule of the church, the law is the same to-day as it was two thousand years ago. The man who deliberately, and in the full possession of his faculties, takes his own life, is barred the privilege of Christian burial, for the one reason that the very act proves that the suicide died in the act of sin, and dying unrepentant, there is no hope for the sinner, according to the teachings of the Catholic Church. In the rare cases where the suicide lives long enough to repent his act, of course this rule does not apply. Like the thief on the cross, the eleventh hour repentance is open for the man who commits the crime of self-destruction.

The murderer, the duelist—either party to a duel—the man who dies in a drunken revelry—all come under the same ban of the Catholic Church, and the remains must lie in unconsecrated ground, and must be denied the privilege of admittance to the Church. In recent years, the verdict of coroner's juries to the effect that the act of self-destruction was committed by one not in the full possession of his faculties, has been received by

the Church, the deceased given the benefit of the doubt, and allowed a Christian burial. In years past, however, such a verdict could have no effect upon the ruling of the Church in the matter, and even now, it is left entirely to the discretion of the Bishop in whose diocese the suicide died. Even in these rare cases, it is not usual to accord the suicide the honors of the Church, but rather, the simplest of its ceremonies.

The fact that Christian burial is refused any person, however, has no bearing on the welfare of the man ushered into eternity by his own act. Human judgment may err, but Divine Judgment is infallible. He who reads the hearts of men, and of whom it has been written that "not a sparrow falls without His knowledge," will render justice to the suicide, the murderer, and to the man who dies in his sins without either the time or the mood for repentance. "He who doeth all things well," will render the final judgment, and, regardless of Christian burial or the lack of it, the case of the suicide must rest in His hands. As soon as the soul shall have left the body, the unalterable decision shall have been rendered, so that, after all is told, the granting or the refusal of Christian burial means nothing at all to the dead.

Only as an example to the living are the rules of the Church held to be inexorable, and the Catholic, dying without the pale of the Church, is left to lie in Potter's Field, originally the burial place of strangers, purchased with the price of the betrayal of the Savior of Mankind to the Jews.

Stranger to the Church, indeed, is he who dies unrepentant, and by the last act of his life, bids defiance to Infinite Mercy, hoping to escape the pressing cares of time by hurling himself into the endless gulf of eternity.

While on the subject, in justice to Ireland, it should be said that suicide is an almost unknown quantity in that land, despite the struggles of the people, even in the days when existence meant little more than a living death. To illustrate this fact, the story of an Englishman, traveling through Ireland in the days of the famine, comes forcibly to the point. Stopping at a little thatched cabin in the wilds of Ireland, the Englishman marveled at the signs of privation at every hand, and after listening to the recital of the increasing troubles heaped upon the head of an aged Irishman, he said:

“Do you never think of suicide?”

“Suicide,” replied the Irishman, dazed for the moment, “Upon myself or upon the landlord?” Which also goes to show that the innate sense of justice planted in the heart of the real Irishman, sometimes passes human understanding. Suicide for the landlord might be considered under certain conditions as a matter of strict justice, but for the Irishman himself—never!

Which is perhaps only another way of saying that the Irishman seldom loses possession of his faculties, and is never a moral coward.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.



HE Catholic Church has ever been the true friend of education, and has ever cherished and fostered the arts and sciences with a devotion and with a sincerity of purpose that challenges the admiration of the world, and thus has she made Humanity her debtor.

In touching upon the parochial school and its work, it may not be amiss to first ask and answer the question: "Why does the Catholic Church maintain her own schools at such an enormous cost, after paying her pro rata of taxation for the support of the public schools?" The answer is very plain and simple. She does it for conscience sake, knowing as she does that no system of education, no matter how elaborate, is complete, when it excludes the training of the heart and the conscience, in favor of the mentality alone. Pope Pius IX clearly defined this principle, when he declared: "Any education claiming to train the heart and mind, without the aid of Christian doctrine and morals, only begets a generation given up without restraint to evil inclinations."

Washington, the Father of Our Country, said in his farewell address to the people of America:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. Let us with caution indulge in the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail to the exclusion of religious principles. Beware of the man who would attempt to inculcate morality without religion."

The calamitous results of a system of education against which Washington sounded the keynote of warning, a system that divorces religion from the education of youth, is witnessed to-day, in the divorce courts and the lack of morality so prevalent among so-called high society. But the great and final authority as to the value of Christian education as a factor of good morals, is not Washington, nor yet a pope of the Church of Rome but the words of Christ himself: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

"Religion it is," says Cardinal Manning, "and religion alone, that can form the inward life of man and make him true and faithful." It is a truism in history that the moral regeneration of the world is the work of Christianity, and where

must this work begin, if not in the home, and supplemented in the schools, as well as in the Church?

In the earlier days, virtue and morality came first and knowledge second; then came those who claimed that intellectual culture without the aid of religion, would prove the panacea for all existing ills. Refined education would do away with the poor houses, with the lunatic asylums, claimed the faddists of that day, and behold, the school houses builded and maintained to the exclusion of religious principles, have produced a generation of "cultured" people, who trade wives and husbands with one another, sell their daughters in the slave market of polluted royalty, and promulgate trial marriage without a blush. Refined education! Castles in Spain! How fair and real ye seem! Enchanting as the blue outlines of the distant hills in the haze of spring! Yet false as the fog banks that hanging on midocean, lure the mariner into unfathomable seas and shoreless harbors.

Washington had good reason to sound the note of warning to his countrymen. He had seen the revolution spread its terrors over France, a revolution which arose from and culminated in the expulsion of religion from education.

The nature of man is essentially dual, and any system of education that teaches only half the man, is necessarily incomplete. Thus it is that the Catholic Church finds fault with the Public School, not for what it is, but rather for what it is not. She does not find fault with what the Public

School teaches, but rather with what it fails to teach. Hence, the opposition of the Church to the Public School system, if opposition it may be called, is based on the fact that the system as it is to-day, is not complete, and consequently not adapted to the education of her children. The experience of the Catholic Church on the school question rests upon the experience of nineteen hundred years, and it is only logical to conclude that she has a decided advantage over her would-be competitors, who have at best an experience like unto the fortunes of the New Rich. The Church knows full well that it requires the good influences of the home, the church and the school, all working in harmony, to obtain the best results in the education of youth, and if any of the three all important factors are omitted, a condition is created, that the combined forces of the other two cannot supply.

The Public School system, when it closes the door against religion, must find a substitute in the Truant Officer and the Juvenile Court, and still there is a void, because the substitute may act for only a brief space of time. When the boy goes out from the school and away from the fostering care of the Truant Officer, who is going to be his keeper? Certainly not his conscience, for that part of his education has been ignored—considered of no importance whatever. The secular branches which he has been taught, do not teach him how to figure out his indebtedness to his Creator, nor yet to his fellow man. Hence, when

he passes out of the control of the Truant Officer, he stands a fair chance of having to make another shift to the public officer. But even this does not relieve the situation; for an officer cannot be placed at every man's shoulder, and were it possible, who would care for the officer?

The only law that can supply an officer that will not fail in the day of trial is the law of God. This officer is Conscience, the only safe keeper, because it has eyes to see in the dark, as well as in the full glare of the noonday sun. While the culprit may turn a corner on the civil officer, he cannot give the slip to his conscience. People of broad and liberal views to-day are recognizing the work that the Catholic Church is doing for the state as well as for the home, through its parochial schools, and many of them without the pale of the Catholic Church are advocating the same system for schools of their own denomination. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, herself a Unitarian, a few years ago made an eloquent plea for the Christian education of American children, and the magazines freely commented upon her "advanced views."

"Crimes of grown people multiply until they become commonplace and uninteresting, and the escapades and offenses of young people, hardly out of their teens, grow more numerous and more grave. Young Americans seem unconscious of higher ideals than wealth, pleasure and athletics. The press brings the world daily before us, and together with much that is excellent and useful, carries into our homes much that is baneful to

our children. How best can we shield them? How inculcate reverence for modesty, respect for parents? By good example, of course, but how else?" wrote Mrs. Howe, or "do we wish our children to enter the field of practical life without religion?" the talented writer concludes in her wonderfully powerful plea. "What other power will guide them among the pitfalls of temptation? What other agency will redeem them after repeated offenses and failures? What will console them when the heart is bursting with sorrow? What will reconcile them to suffering, and even to death itself? If our children grow up with no habit of devout thought, with no reliance on prayer, with no outlook toward immortality, what will be their attitude in view of the troubles of life?"

A Catholic writer, commenting upon this appeal of Mrs. Howe, said: "Does not this cry recall Jefferson's striking metaphor of a firebell in the night? To the searching questions the reply might be given, why not consult the Church that has for centuries directed the training of Christian children? Has she not produced enough of holy men and women, of heroes and saints, of the great and good in every walk of life, to be able to give good counsel? The mode of the Catholic Church in rearing Christians has long been tried and never found wanting. It is true that these children, grown to adults, may now and then fall away and yield to a passing temptation; but their parents will have done their full duty by them, and the children will always know how to repent

and save their souls, and this knowledge will be worth a great deal"—more than the knowledge of the meaning of a figure in Euclid.

The Catholic Church, receiving all revealed truth, was commissioned to convey it to the whole world, and this she is doing through her parochial school system, as well as through the medium of her pulpits. The franchise of the Catholic Church runs to the end of Time, forever and forever, and it speaks from nineteen centuries of wisdom and experience. "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Much must be unlearned and prejudices must be overcome, but in pursuit of truth, the most cherished prejudices may well be sacrificed, and Americans should be willing to follow the truth wherever she may lead. From a financial standpoint, as well as from one of morality, the United States is indebted to the Catholic Church as, witness one instance, facts which might be repeated, changed only by figures, by every city and hamlet in the Union.

There are in the public schools of St. Louis at the present time, some 60,000 pupils: in the Catholic schools of the same city, there are 22,000 pupils; the public school board asks for an appropriation of three and a half million dollars to maintain their schools, and upon this basis, the Catholic Church is saving to the taxpayers of St. Louis, by maintaining their own schools, something like a million and a half dollars each school year. The Catholic taxpayer then, is the one who is taxed

without representation, though to-morrow may see the dawn of the day when the state will see the justice of paying for the secular instruction, not the religious instruction, received by the pupils of the Catholic schools, when it can be shown that that instruction is in every instance equal, and more often than not, superior to the instruction received by the pupils of the public school.

The good shepherd feeds his flock by guiding it into healthful pastures and turning it away from poisonous marshes. The good shepherd defends his flock against thieves and wild beasts, and is ever ready to sacrifice his life for their sake. Like the good shepherd, the Catholic Church watches over her children, with more than ordinary solicitude, and bestows the blessings and the advantages of Christian education upon her little ones. Men and women devote their lives, ungrudgingly, to the cause, transforming what otherwise might be a spiritual desert into a blooming garden, fragrant as the rose with the flowers of piety and virtue. This army of noble men and women look for no earthly reward for their labors, but placing their faith in: "They that instruct many unto justice shall shine as the stars for all eternity," give up their all, that it may not be said of Catholic children: "The little ones have asked for bread, and there was none to break it to them."

The Catholic Church, alone and unaided, has converted all peoples that have ever been converted, and it is not too much to hope that she may yet convert the world to her peerless school

system, builded on the rock that will stand like a wall of adamant against the ravages of Time, shining like a beacon light amid the treacherous waters of doubt and dismay.

The best of anything, even of religion, is none too good for Americans; many of them are constantly looking in the Catholic direction, and some one will eventually lead and another form the tail piece of that gallant procession that will one day follow in the wake of the parochial school, just so surely as night must follow day.

CHAPTER VII.

THE METHODISTS IN ROME.



THE last Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a most interesting document, one that shows increasing interest at the turn of every page, and holds the attention of the reader, much as the wonderful pictures thrown on the canvas of the numerous Nickelodeons of this country. The report tells us that nearly three-quarters of a million dollars were given to the society in 1884, and the good Methodists felt that the high water mark had been reached in the contribution line. But along about that time there happened to be elected as corresponding secretary of the society, a man with the euphonious name of McCabe, and as nothing has ever yet been deemed good enough for the Irish—God bless them—McCabe soon decided that a measley three-quarters of a million was nothing at all, in the way of donations for the saving of the heathen—particularly in Catholic countries. So McCabe sent out an appeal for “a million a year for missions,” and by punctuating the various appeals with just the necessary touch of blarney, not only did the million a year roll into the Methodist coffers, but a little more came

with it, just to prove perhaps, that the biblical measure is always filled full to overflowing.

The Methodist Missionary Society was started away back in 1820, and up to date has raised considerably more than fifty million dollars for mission work—at home and abroad—but especially abroad. The Methodists practically entered Rome, with Garibaldi's red shirts, through the breach of Porta Pia, on September 20, 1870, and they make of this Feast Day a fete, displaying bunting and rejoicing as do the famous "September" socialists; in fact, "the attitude of the Methodists in Rome towards the Holy Father and the priests, differs not at all from the socialists," the editor of *Rome* tells us, "and they call their church in Rome, the XX Settembre Church."

The men who run the numerous Italian missions in the Eternal City, are past masters in the art of flowery rhetoric, and send glowing accounts to their generous friends in America, of their wonderful work of evangelization, and the golden dollars continue to flow in, until within the last ten years the mission society has sent to Rome alone nearly half a million dollars, and the other Methodist revenue in Rome would easily bring the total up to more than twice that amount.

According to conservative figures over two and a half million dollars have been lavished in the hope of converting Italy, and we are told that the famous McCabe, now gone to glory, "went up and down the country and smote with might and

main, upon the harp of the Church's faith, and led on with song from victory unto victory." Glorious and immortal is the name of McCabe in Methodist history! After reading the report of the society, and drinking in the full force of the Herculean labors of Chaplain McCabe, as he "smote with might and main" on the poor old harp of the Church's faith, one can almost see the remnants of the harp carried off to the Methodist junk shop; but all doubts are dispelled as to the death of the old church in Rome, when one hearkens to the chorus of "Hallelujah's" from the male and female ladies of the Methodist Missionary Society, safely enthroned in the "Amen" corner. The news of the defeat of Catholicity, at the very threshold of the throne of the Fisherman, envelops one like a pall.

"Never was the time so propitious for a forward movement of the hosts of a pure evangelism," says the "annual report of the Methodist Missionary Society. "The story is told that the first person to enter the city of Rome through the breach in the walls made by the terrific cannon of Garibaldi, was a colporteur with his pack of bibles." (Glory Hallelujah, from the chorus!) "And ever since that blessed day, as far as the government is concerned, the word of God has free course."

"In Rome," the report continues, "the Rev. Grant Perkins is doing noble work; in Leghorn, the "pastor and the brethren have been encour-

aged," in Florence and in Pistola "there is an ardent desire to hear the Gospel," but it is at Bassignana that your true Methodist shines in a halo of glory, for "the school is showing up the ignorance of those who have been under the Church of Rome;" at San Marzano "the work is promising," at Colosso, Monte Grosso and Mantalvo "the preaching has been fruitful," for behold, the "pastor has preached over four hundred times, and the clericals have been thoroughly frightened!" Probably for fear that the pastor might talk himself into the bright realms of glory, and thus lose Rome to heaven!

"Our minister, appointed by the government as school inspector," says the Report, "learned that the nuns were not conforming to the law, and as was his duty, saw to it that the school was closed until such time as it should conform to the law;" at Perano, "a gracious revival has broken out;" at Baru, "the work has increased, and, best of all, the socialists have consented to the use of their hall by our pastor once a week!"

These and similar joy-thrillers for the American Methodists, have been sent out regularly and annually for the past thirty-seven years or more, and the Conferences have praised God that the down trodden people of Rome are at last beginning to see the Light! But let us see.

Regardless of the profuse expenditure of American dollars, and the terrific smiting "with might and main" of Chaplain McCabe, the report tells us that out of a total population of upwards of

thirty-four millions of people in Italy and Italian Switzerland, the members and probationers of the Methodist Episcopal persuasion number exactly three thousand four hundred and forty-nine souls! Rome, well over the half million mark, from point of population, contains or is contained by two hundred and sixty-six Methodist members and probationers! This according to the figures given by the good missionaries in their annual report! Just how many of the two hundred and sixty-six Methodists in Rome are Italians, one is only permitted to guess, but for the purpose of argument we will let them all be included as Italians. A little bit of mental calculation shows that the attainment of the Methodist following in Italy, has cost in the neighborhood of fourteen hundred dollars a head; that the hundred thousand dollars spent on Italian Methodism in the past year has resulted in a net gain of just seventy-five persons, which figures at about \$1,333.33 per every additional Methodist; that at the same rate of expenditure and the same rate of progress, it will take two hundred and fifty billion dollars, and thirty-six thousand years to convert the Italian people from the errors of popery to the light of Methodism!

There are a few flaws in the calculation, however, that may retard the progress of Methodism; first, Chaplain McCabe having gone to glory, can no longer "smite with might and main upon the harp of the Church's faith," and it will be hard to find a successor, for there are few Irishmen in

Methodism, and who but an Irishman—or a Samson—could be expected to continue to do such heroic smiting? Again, the sad fact illumines the report that Methodism is going backward, instead of forward in Rome. “Onward Christian Soldiers,” has been translated “Backward Christian Smitters,” for the Italian Missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The last report of the society tells us that there are thirty-two native preachers in the field, whereas the previous report registered fifty-five of the species; in the brief space of one year, the present thirty-two members of the native product, aided by nine of the foreign vintage, baptized two adult and eighty-six infant Italian Methodists! Glory Hallelujah, altogether brethren, once more!

The previous year the fifty-five native preachers, with some additional outside help, baptized five adult and eighty-seven infant Italian Methodists. The fact that the last year showed a diminution of six baptisms, however, does not necessarily reflect upon the zeal of the present missionaries in Rome. It must be borne in mind that the little band lacked twenty-three of the missionaries of the preceding year—perhaps the mystic number suggests the exit of the Methodists in Rome!

“How is it that the shrewd Methodists of the United States allow their money to be thus poured into the sands?” asks the editor of *Rome*, but even the pamphlet “Our Opportunity in Italy,” scattered broadcast throughout America, does not answer the question. The Methodists

imagine they have a fine opportunity in Italy, partly because the Church is wealthy and the people are poor; but how about the Methodist Episcopal Church in America? Are they not even planning an office building in a western city, the church parlors to be on the top floor, that the coin of the realm may be added to the coffers of the church? Are Methodists in America never poor? All Methodists do not have the wealth that is showered upon the disciples of the cult, working and smiting so hard in ancient Rome!

The church of the Jesuits in Rome, the Methodist missionaries tell us, "is hung all around with the costliest of colored silks in heavy festoons, and in the part of the Vatican which is open to visitors, one may gain an approximate idea of the vast wealth of the pope. In the Council Chamber are displayed the high priced presents received by him from kings and princes. And then, besides the wealth of the Vatican, the Church owns more than eighty million francs of railroad stock in Italy. Yet all the while, at regular intervals, in the United States, are calls for Peter's Pence, that the poor people of this land may contribute toward the steady stream of funds that pour into the papal coffers for the support of a distant, foreign and expensive court. In the yellow glare of this gaudy display is seen on the other hand, the abject and humiliating poverty of the common people. By the doors of all these rich churches is planted the inevitable beggar. At every turn of the street,

well nigh, the wailing salutation of the suffering is encountered. If the tourist embarks upon the water the swimmer is at hand crying 'mon, mon,' in the water, entreating you to throw some coin into the water so that he may dive and bring it up in his teeth or toes. Children half-dressed and looking as though they were less than half-fed, will pursue your carriage, dashing up to the step of it in their eagerness; little boys race after you, turning somersaults and hand-springs alongside, not forgetting the outstretched palm at intervals, so that you may be sure to pay them for the entertainment they have given you. Whole families live in such cramped quarters that the women stretch their clothes lines and dry their washing on the sidewalk. Now the men of Italy, the bread winners, for whom the struggle of life is so relentless, have not failed to notice the contrast between their own penury and the abnormal opulence of the Church, and so they stay away from the services in order that the sleek, oleaginous and well fed clergy, getting less of their attendance, may, as a consequence, get less of their scanty and hard earned-money."

To judge by the pamphlet, it will be necessary for the Methodist missionaries in Rome, to be half starved, half clothed, and the nearer the bones of the spreaders of the Word come to protruding through the flesh, the greater the chance of success of Methodism against the "sleek, well-fed clergy."

But who has swallowed the two and a half million of Methodist dollars in Italy, and why did

Chaplain McCabe die rich? While he was smiting "with might and main," he evidently kept one eye on his bank account, the while the other was glued to Rome.

If some of the brethren would only write up the beggars of America—scattered along the streets of almost every city and hamlet, what an interesting document it might prove to the beggars of Rome—the working beggars, like the man in the water and the boy with the hand-springs—not the Methodist beggars. The former might need a few pointers from their brethren in America, while the latter have taken a post-graduate course in the gentle art, judging them solely from their annual report and the results of their labors in the Eternal City.

Do the Methodists in Rome fondly imagine that beggars will decrease as their cult increases? Have they never heard of the beggar who sat at the door of the church and thrust out his hand appealingly to the Apostles? Have they never read the words of St. Peter: "Silver and gold have I none, but what I have, I freely give thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk!"

The Methodists in Rome have their share of silver and gold, yet we have no record of any of it being handed out to the beggars of the ancient city, nor yet have we heard of any charitable institutions maintained there by the same sect. And did Chaplain McCabe ever command the lame to "rise and walk!"

"The poor ye have always with you" said the Lord of Hosts, but submerged in the immense task

of converting Rome, this prophecy seems to have been entirely overlooked by the zealous brethren of the missions, or holding their services in the Socialist Hall of Rome, perhaps the germs have bored through the brain pan of the missionaries, and damaged their thinking apparatus.

It were idle to waste words in further comment; the figures presented by the report of the Missionary Society speak more eloquently than words, and the editor of *Rome* sums up the whole situation aptly and accurately in the following paragraph.

“Perhaps, after all, this mystery is really solved in this egregious pamphlet and in that very sentence of it where you are introduced to the engaging beggar who cries ‘mon, mon, in the water,’ entreating you to throw some coin from your boat so that he may dive and bring it up in his teeth or his toes.

There is a difference, of course, the Neapolitan beggar works for his coin, while the Italian Methodist beggar—all he does is to tell you, how, in company with forty colleagues, he has succeeded in baptizing two adults in a whole year!”

CHAPTER VIII.

A CATHOLIC DEVOTION.



THE farmer is wont to be the butt of much ridicule by those unsophisticated urbanites who consider themselves possessed of a superior education, and who seem to be ignorant of the fact that the mind of the average farmer is unusually bright. Indeed, some explanations of Catholic Dogma and Catholic Discipline, which came from the lips of the farmer, would do credit to any pulpit. Among numerous instances of this nature, may be mentioned the following:

Among the several Americans returning home from Europe aboard the Red Line Steamer Friesland, July 1899, were a German Lutheran student from Wisconsin, and an old Catholic farmer of Pennsylvania. One day, after the period of seasickness had safely passed, and the various tourists had become more or less acquainted, this twain indulged themselves with the luxury of an argument over the merits of their respective faiths. Finally this argument narrowed down to the question of the veneration of the Blessed Virgin. The Lutheran student maintained the thread-bare thesis that this Catholic devotion was idolatrous

because it gave to a mere creature, honor that rightfully would be given to God alone.

The Catholic farmer answered him: "All the honor we Catholics pay the Blessed Virgin is expressed in the words of the 'Hail Mary,' the prayer which we repeat and which we teach our children to repeat several times daily. Let us analyze this that we may discover if it contains anything idolatrous. It is nicely divided into three parts. The first part is: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women." These words are contained in every Protestant Bible. They were addressed to Mary by the Archangel Gabriel, and Gabriel was sent to greet her thus by God Himself. Surely these words are not idolatrous, or they would not appear in the Protestant Bible. Again, if they were idolatrous, the archangel would be an idolator, nay God Himself, would be one, because He sent the angel. But to accuse either God or the angel of this crime would be blasphemy.

The second part of the Hail Mary is: "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Nor are these words idolatrous. They, too, are contained in your Protestant Bible. They were addressed to Mary, by her cousin, Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, a woman whom the evangelist Luke describes as "just before God, walking in all the commandments and justifications of the Lord without blame." Besides, these words are directly applied to Christ who was blessed indeed. Surely there can be no question of idolatry here,

either in the words themselves, or in her who uttered them, or in Him to whom they referred.

The third part of the Hail Mary is: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death." It is true that these words are not in the Bible; they have been added to the others by the Church, but neither do they contain any idolatry. It is no exaggeration to call Mary Holy, because to be holy, means to possess the grace and friendship of God and the archangel said that Mary is full of grace and that the Lord is with her.

It is no exaggeration to call her the mother of God, because she is the mother of Christ, and Christ is the only begotten Son of God. And how can it be wrong to ask her to pray for us, either now or at the hour of our death? For these are the times when we need prayer. It is the now that worries us; the past is gone beyond call, the future we know not, but the present duty we do know and we must fulfill it. When we begin any work, we are always desirous of the blessing of God upon it, because we know that if God is with us, none can stand against us. And we are also desirous of the good wishes of our friends. These cheer and animate us with confidence. Why then should we decline or refuse to request the good wishes of and the blessings of the friends of God? Surely such a practice were reasonable and commendable, rather than idolatrous.

Mary is the best friend of God, because she is His mother. Why refuse thus to ask the help of

the approved friends of God, especially in the hour of death? For in that dreadful time, the friends of earth are entirely helpless. The physician, whose skill is praised by all; the wife and children, whose ministrations are most loving,—all these testify their helplessness by their sad features, their hushed voices, their sobs and their tears. Then, in that last struggle with the powers of darkness, our only help is in the name of the Lord, and in His chosen friends, the children of Eternal Light; and as we should strive to become like the Saviour, whose eyes were ever fixed upon His mother, from the Cross of Calvary, so too, should we look to her and call upon her in the last solemn moments of our mortal life.

Thus it is that all the veneration we Catholics pay to Mary is beautifully expressed by the simple prayer "Hail, Mary;" and instead of elements of idolatry, it contains nothing but biblical truths and the highest natural devotions purified and refined by the spirituality of their object."

These words seemed to amaze the young student; he remarked that the Catholic Church did indeed understand how to incorporate beauty into all her devotions and the discussion was concluded. The simple eloquence of that Pennsylvania farmer, taught a lesson in the art of religious polemics that won for him, the admiration of even his Lutheran critic.

CHAPTER IX.

AMERICAN HISTORY.



OW and then a narrow-minded bigot, ignorant of the history of the country of which he is a self-aggrandized patriot, calls attention to the ignorance and to the lack of patriotism of the Catholic people, picturing the Catholic Church as the very embodiment of all that is dark and tyrannical.

The history of other lands tells us that art, literature and the sciences flourished in the Catholic Church since the dawn of the Christian era, but it would be too much to expect small intellects to study the history of foreign nations. Would they only begin with the American Revolution, and scan the pages of the unbiased history of this country, they would realize that, but for the patriotism of the Catholic and the Irish, the boasted freedom of America would have vanished like the elusive will of the wisp. When the war of the Revolution was raging, Catholic soldiers stood shoulder to shoulder, baring their breasts to the storms of lead, and dying by the thousand, for American liberty. "The Roman Catholics," says Lossing, "who were more numerous in Maryland than in any other colony, were generally the friends of liberty, and that province was among the earliest to approve the acts of the

Continental Congress." The very sound of the names of the heroes of those days would cause a panic among the bigots of to-day, who can only see darkness where the Catholic Church is concerned.

Among the heroes of Revolutionary fame might be mentioned Stephen Moylan, a brother of the Bishop of Cork, the Commissary General of Washington's army; Commodore Jack Barry, Father of the United States Navy; Rear Admiral Meade (a kinsman of General Meade of Gettysburg fame, and Commodore Meade of the Mexican War); Admiral de Grasse, who received the surrender of the British vessels of war at Yorktown; Colonel John Fitzgerald, of Alexandria, aide-de-camp to Washington, from the beginning through to the end of the war; John Carroll, first Bishop of Baltimore; David Carroll of Duddington; and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; Patrick Colvin, who conveyed Washington on the memorable trip across the Delaware; Thos. Fitzsimmons, a Philadelphia merchant, who enlisted with a company of his own, to help the struggling young republic.

While Robert Morris has been called the financier of the Revolution, it was Thomas Fitzsimmons who staked the money upon which Morris earned his reputation, and when Morris lost, both men were financially ruined. When the financial crisis came in the Revolutionary War, it was Catholic credit and Catholic assistance that saved the country; Barry gave up the sea temporarily, that he and his sailors might come to the aid of Washington in

crossing the Delaware, and it was the Maryland regiment that saved Washington's army from annihilation at Long Island, braving a retreat to Manhattan Island, and later winning on Harlem Heights, the only success of that retreat. The O'Brien brothers won the first naval victory over England, "the Lexington of the Seas," and the fact that they were only privateers did not detract one iota from the glory of their victory. Catholic Spain formed an armed neutrality with the other foreign countries, defeated England's machinations, and finally drew the sword in behalf of the young republic at the Gulf of Mexico.

Catholic Indians, from the north and northwest, came out of the wilds of Canada, with their Chief Orono, under the guidance of Father Gibault, a patriot priest. Orono bore a continental commission, and led his tribesmen to the field of battle, and it was Father Gibault who raised the American flag over stations of the northwest, now occupied by several powerful states. The young priest not only led the Indians, but Catholic white men, into the patriotic cause, and in 1790, Washington's State, Virginia, recognized his services by a public resolution to the legislature.

Catholic France not only sent its army and fleet to fight for American liberty, but sent men of scientific as well as of military accomplishments, among the brilliant names being those of Lafayette, Dupleix, Conway, Dugan, Arundel, Dryan, Arnaud, De Fleury, Du Portail, Docudray, and the name of the brave pole, Pulaski, adds still more luster

to the Catholic names inscribed on Liberty's Immortal Banner. After six long years of battle, the same as at the moment when war was first declared at Boston, stood General Moylan, Col. Fitzsimmons, and the Catholic troops of Pennsylvania and Maryland, side by side with Washington, faithful to the end and heroes all. As far back as 1775, history reports Washington as rebuking the bigots of his time: "It is our duty to address public thanks to our Catholic brethren, as it is to them we are indebted for every late success, even in Canada." This to the fanatics of that time who were anxious to celebrate "Guy Fawkes Day."

The Catholic citizens of Washington's time addressed to him this message of congratulation upon his inauguration as the first president of the republic: "This prospect of national prosperity is peculiarly pleasing to us on another account—because while our country preserves her freedom and independence, we shall have a well-founded title to claim from her justice, equal rights of citizenship, * * * the price of our blood, spilt under your eyes, and our common exertions for her defense, under your auspicious conduct; rights rendered more dear to us by remembrance of former hardships."

The reply of Washington should be memorized by the bigots of to-day: "Your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part you took in the accomplishment of the Revolution, and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation

(France) in which the Catholic religion is professed."

The Civil War found the members of the Catholic Church divided on political grounds, but there was no division in the organization. The Church sent her heroes to both sides of the conflict; her sacred edifices resounded with petitions for peace, with requiems for the fallen, and were often turned into hospitals for the wounded and the dying, carried in from the battle raging in all its fury nearby. The Civil War seemingly shattered the unity of many religious denominations, but made clearer the unity of the Catholic Church.

The part played by the Catholic heroes, in the Civil War has been the subject of many a volume, and a famous painting, "The Innocent Victim," depicts a Sister of Charity dying on the field of battle, giving up her life while engaged in caring for the wounded and the dying. The bullets whizzing past this noble daughter of the Church did not for one moment deter those fair hands from binding the wounds of the suffering, nor could the brazen roar of the cannon still those lips, uttering a constant prayer for the afflicted, pleading for mercy for the dead and dying; not until the bullet pierced her heart, and she proved to the world that "Greater love than this hath no man, that he give up his life for his friend," did her gentle ministrations cease.

To come down to more recent events, when the American Fleet reached the Pacific coast, those who fondly believed that the Catholic

people counted for very little on Uncle Sam's ledger, made a surprising discovery. They were spreading themselves on Paul Jones and on "Our" Fleet, when it suddenly dawned upon them, that all the Kelley's and Burke's and Shea's did not go down with the Maine, but that from the Admiral down, six thousand of the entire fourteen thousand officers and men were Catholics, with a Catholic priest the senior chaplain on board the Flag Ship, and popular with every man on board!

A special thanksgiving Mass for the officers and men of the Fleet was celebrated in the Cathedral of Los Angeles,—the only religious service that marked the advent of the Fleet on the coast,—for which there were sundry and various Methody weeps!

As condensed history is better than no history at all, this brief sketch is given for the benefit of the bigots of the West, and particularly for the benefit of the Methodist Governor of a Western State, who delights in vilifying the Catholic people, even though his knowledge of American history seemingly consists of a few high sounding terms, prated upon stated occasions and appealing to the applause of the gallery.

CHAPTER X.

MERELY A SUGGESTION.



THAT "A little learning is a dangerous thing," is never more forcibly illustrated than when a party of American tourists, "doing" Cuba, the Philippines or Old Mexico in ten days, at excursion rates, return to this land of the free, to tell all they know of the people of the country through which they passed, like a breath of wind in a Kansas cyclone.

School teachers regale their pupils with tales of the lives and habits of the people; business men compare the foreigners with the Americans, and ministers, spending twenty-four hours in a foreign land, have been known to preach at their congregations for a full year, delivering a series of lectures on the people whom they saw from a distance in their whirlwind tour. The procedure is manifestly unfair, and when now and then an English nobleman is hurled into America on the matrimonial tide, drinks two or three whiffs of the air of freedom, and returns to write a seven volume tale of the Americans, we realize this fact. But in this, as in other affairs of the world, it makes all the difference in the world as to whose ox is gored.

Returned travelers from Old Mexico have wonderful tales to relate of the beggars, the lazy and the

shiftless people of that country; the Philippine tourist has learned more about the Friars and the Catholic people, in his twenty-four hour inspection of the land, than have the people who have spent their lives with and among these people.

Recently a magazine published an Englishman's impressions of Ireland, the impressions doing full justice to the proverbial thick skull of the Englishman, but reflecting little credit upon the Emerald Isle. What the puffed up Englishman did not know about Ireland, would fill a good sized volume; what he did know might easily be put into a nutshell, and there would still be room for a liberal postscript or two.

Let us have a square deal on this subject, and when a returned tourist begins to unfold his deductions of a people with whom he has come in contact for less than the time necessary to select a yard of cheap calico, let him be gently guided to the Public Library and furnished with a list of books, with which to brush up his newly acquired knowledge, a knowledge which threatens to create a brain storm, unless it can be unloaded upon every person who can be buttonholed and made to listen. Let us put the shoe on the other foot and see how the situation would appeal to us.

Let a foreigner come into this city, either on a personally conducted tour, on a freight car or on an ordinary coach. He alights at the Union Depot. If he cares to see the sights of the city he either entrusts himself to the tender mercies of the "Seeing the City" booster, to the genius of the

ever-ready hack driver, or to the charity of the nearest free lunch counter—it all depends upon his taste. In either case, his chances of passing a fair opinion on the fame of the city are null; his experience would either lead him to the conclusion that we are a nation of vain braggarts, a pack of hold-up men, or the worst cooks on the face of the earth. And in neither case would the estimate be wholly correct. The foreigner could not be blamed for his opinion perhaps, neither could the nation be blamed because the stranger was not given an opportunity to meet the representative people of the city, people from whom he would take leave with far different memories than those conjured up by the Booster, the Hack Driver or the Bad Cook, whose motto seems ever to be “you came to us a stranger and we took you in.”

Perhaps the foreigner is unsophisticated, as is too often the case, and he goes into a barber shop near the depot, and orders a shave and a hair cut, before touring the city in proper style. History would but repeat itself did the foreigner find that the shave cost him in the neighborhood of two dollars, and included such luxuries as a massage, a bleach, a neck shave and a dash of soothing syrup. The hair cut would figure up about seven dollars when all the attachments were counted in, and the foreigner would learn that while the suave barber did the talking, he also had shampooed the man's hair, given him a scalp treatment, singed the ragged ends, applied a tonic, given the hair the proper curl, and dressed it in the latest

and most becoming fashion. The foreigner might protest that he had ordered merely a shave and a hair cut, but the barber would soon convince him that in these parts, that simple order included all the trimmings and all the fixings. The foreigner would pay the bill, catch the next train out, return to St. Joe or to some other foreign port, and tell the natives that we are a parcel of thieves and robbers.

The innocent would suffer with the guilty, and the man who did the talking would be too far removed from our shores to reach him with a pick ax, or some equally deadly weapon.

An American, equally unsophisticated, might meet with a similar experience in Mexico, in Cuba, or in the Philippines. There may be beggars in Mexico; we have a few in this country. The people of the Philippines may be lazy; that complaint is not altogether an unknown quantity in our own land. The Catholic people of Cuba may be all that is detestable and reprehensible and be paragons of ignorance; Americans and non-Catholics have been known to possess the same virtues and to have been equally dense. There may be bull fights in Mexico, but what about the men fights here? Are the brutal prize fights more elevating and more ennobling than the picturesque bull fights?

There may be many evils in the foreign lands so hurriedly visited by the "history made while you wait" tourists, but for the much maligned Catholic countries there is at least this much to be said: the divorce mills do not grind as they do here in this land of the free; marriages are not per-

formed in less than a minute, as a Justice of the Peace recently boasted; the children are nor left upon the streets to grow up like weeds, while the mother attends the sessions of the Merry Widow Club, nor is it necessary to call the Unwritten Law into play to protect the sanctity of the home.

Pin a few of these facts to your memory, ye skipped by the light of the moon tourists; take the beam out of the eye of the country with whose customs and whose people you are familiar, and then discuss the people of Catholic countries, of whom you are as densely ignorant as you are of the inhabitants of the moon or of the stars.

CHAPTER XI.

RAGS AND TATTERS PARADE.



NE morning last week, a weary band of children were marching bravely down the principal business street of a western city, each youngster carrying an American Flag and trying his level best to look happy. The leader of the woe-begone band carried a flag much larger than himself and made heroic efforts to fling its colors to the breeze of the mid-summer morning. As he faltered now and then, a woman who marched in the crowd lent a helping hand, and started him anew in what was perhaps the child's first battle for supremacy. But the Flag finally won, as Old Glory has a way of doing, and the lad gave up the task. A man (probably the husband of the Marshaleess), finally came to the child's assistance and the procession proceeded on in the even tenor of its way.

It is not the Flag to which I beg to take exception, nor yet to the band of willing workers who fondly imagined that they were thus giving the children of the friendless poor a delightful outing for the day, but rather to the zeal which seems to make it necessary to bring out the tinkling brass and the sounding cymbal under the banner of Charity; to this, I beg to enter most emphatic protest.

These little toddlers of the procession were being given an outing by some women of the city, charitable women, I suppose they would have me call them. Many of the women marched in the ranks with their little charges, and the white ties on a severe black bonnet here and there, bespoke the Deaconess of the Methodist persuasion. Before the little waifs were permitted to enjoy the outing planned for the day, they must needs drag their weary little bodies through the streets of the city, over its hot and sultry pavements, and use the little strength left them to hold aloft the American Flag, in many instances larger than the children who vainly tugged and fought with the bit of bright color, in heroic efforts to carry the burden imposed upon them by the benefactors of the moment. It was the same old flag—long may it wave!—but never as a signal of distress!

The women who had the mournful little procession in charge were keyed to the highest pitch of excitement; their very demeanor seemed to say: "See! These are the homeless children of the city, and we are the women who are taking them out to God's hills for a day's outing! Behold the noble band of self-sacrificing women who have foregone the pleasures of the Easy Goer's Club, and given of their time that these little ones may enjoy an outing in one of the city's parks! Count the children; note their sad faces, aged before childhood has yet implanted its kiss of youth," and the women seemed to gloat over the sorry spectacle of the rags and tatters on parade!

The women fluttered here and there, gave this child a push and another a caress, that the parade might be kept ever at just the proper angle, and the Marshalless of the Day looked for all the world like an excitable hen with a brood of unmanageable chicks. No sooner had she one line formed to her satisfaction, than the ranks broke in another quarter, and consternation reigned supreme.

I stood at the curbstone and scanned the pitiful sight, and my eye caught those of a lad of seven or thereabouts, who had more than his share of humor, for his eyes smiled back into mine the while the corners of his mouth were drawn in, lest the Marshalless should catch a smile lurking there. I longed to take the little fellow by the hand, off to a shady nook, where only the blue skies of heaven would intrude, that he might know one days pleasure without feeling the sting of its thorns. A ball and a few cents worth of candy, and the lad would be happy, his little limbs saved the weariness and his pride saved the humiliation of this forced march of the distressed. But the eagle eye of the Marshalless of the Day was upon me! She did not know the force of the words of the popular song: "I just can't make my eyes behave," and her manner indicated clearly that no flirting was permissible with any member of that band. I went my way, the faces of those hapless children haunting me, and the picture of the hard lines of poverty in childhood, indelibly impressd upon my heart.

Are we raising a nation of beggars, and if so,

have we not to blame the zealous souls who put their charges on display at every possible opportunity? What for the manhood of a child, started out in life with a sign on his back—"We are off for a picnic, thanks to the charity of the Do Us Good Band," his poverty exhibited at every step of the way, that the multitude may see, and incidentally, contribute to the worthy cause? Far better that the child be left innocent of even a passing joy than that it should be purchased at the price of his manhood and his pride. Better that the child be left to die in the slums, than given an outing at the cost of his self-respect.

One night last winter I watched the bread line of the Salvation Army, saw able bodied men follow the banner around the streets of the city, and fall in line to receive the miserable portion doled out to them in full view of all that could be gathered to witness this glorious distribution of charity. Not a man in that bread line was one bit abashed by the throng of idlers standing near by, drawn hither by the noise of the drum and the tambourine, invited to witness the sight of the Free Distribution of Bread to the Hungry!

As I watched these little children parading down the street, my mind reverted to that other scene of the bread line. Would these children, grown to manhood, be willing to stand in line as a sort of annex appeal for charity, the while their portion of the crumbs from the table of the bounteous, fell at their feet? Why not? Taken almost from the cradle, raised in poverty and distress, imbued with

the idea that the "charity workers" have the innate right to place them on exhibition when and where and how they will, how can it be expected that these children of the desperately poor will have inculcated within them, the least semblance of human respect or of that pride, that, though near to starvation, would scorn the crust held out in the glare of the sunlight, that the populace might see and applaud?

Let the little ones, born into a world that for them spells misery and privation from infancy—let them have all the joy that may be crowded into their weary little lives—but in the name of humanity, and for the sake of the pride of the men and women of tomorrow, do not put these children and their misery on dress parade. Take them out into the highways and into the byways, away from the haunts of men, and let joy be unconfined and happiness reign supreme for the brief moment, but keep the helpless toddlers from the streets of the cities, and silence the tinkling brass that calls the multitude to witness their distress.

No child with a friend this side of eternity would be permitted to trudge along the streets of the city, carrying in the one hand an American Flag, and in the other the signal of distress of the charity fakers, a sign that he was a little pauper, out for a drink of near-lemonade and a smack of imitation sandwich, thanks to the surpassing charity of the Marshallees of the Day.

Surely it is pitiful enough to be poor, but to be friendless is infinitely worse; do not add to the

burden of the friendless poor and keep in mind that the charity so needed in this cold, calculating world is of the kind that "let's not the right hand know what the left hand doeth."

Give the children of the friendless poor a holiday now and then, but relegate the charity labels to the attic.

CHAPTER XII.

MINISTERING ANGELS.



FAMILIAR to almost every one, the wide world over, are the silent, black robed figures of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and yet how very few have even the faintest conception of their lives, their work and its results. Of the people of all nations and of all creeds who give alms regularly to the Little Sisters, few indeed ever cross the threshold of the institutions presided over by these quiet women, or learn the story of the sublime sacrifice of their daily lives.

Away back in the December of 1839, a poor old widow, blind and infirm, was left helpless and destitute on the streets of Brittany, France; another of 72 was living alone in a damp cellar, a stone for her pillow and the veriest rags the only raiment her poverty had known.

These two were the first to be received by the Little Sisters, who from that small beginning, have grown until today they control more than three hundred Homes for the Aged, scattered across the length and breadth of the land.

Founded in France, and with the Mother House still there, the Little Sisters of the Poor were the

only nuns not molested in that country during the troublous times of the past few years.

"Why?" repeated the Sister Superior of the local institution, "because we care for thousands of poor there, who if we were turned out, would become public charges, and the state would have to care for them. Again, we ask no help from church or state, begging from door to door there as here, and taking what is given us, be it ever so little. We know no creed in caring for the poor—Jew or Gentile, Protestant as well as Catholic are admitted on equal terms—the only thing required being that the applicant be poor, aged and in need of care. This of course, is the rule of our houses throughout the world, and our donations come from the charitable of all religious beliefs."

The Little Sisters of the Poor come from all countries and from all positions in life. Together these willing workers share all employments; there are no servants and no distinctions among them; they wear the same habit, follow the same rule, have the same rights and duties, all are indeed "Little Sisters of the Poor." Before assuming that title, the bearer of it has freely and voluntarily given up for God and for the poor, all earthly affections; home, relatives, worldly possessions—everything—expecting nothing more in return for a life of poverty and self-sacrifice than the joy of doing good; the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the naked; a life-long task but a happy one, for "my yoke is sweet and my burden is light."

The Little Sisters have no endowments, no in-

come, no revenue, no salary from any source whatever, yet they must provide food and clothing for their destitute charges, nurse them when sick, and the rules of their order compel them to live solely and alone upon the Providence of God.

"We live upon the Providence of God," said the Sister Superior, "and we must trust to Him for our daily bread. We have nothing, may keep nothing, and only beg from day to day as the needs of the moment demand. We have nothing but the actual necessities of the hour, Saturday being the only day in the week when we have in the house provisions enough for two days. On Saturday, the Sisters beg enough food to feed our charges and ourselves over Sunday, and let the morrow care for itself."

"Troubled? Anxious about the morrow? Not at all. Although we have not enough in the house for the next meal, we have no fear. Why should we? Have we not placed ourselves in the hands of the Giver of all things, never for a second doubting but that our wants will be supplied? Neither ourselves nor our inmates shall suffer for lack of the necessities of life. Faith and Hope sustain us and an unbounded confidence in the Father of the poor. We have plenty today; God provided it; He reigns tomorrow as well as today, and He will provide," and the bright brown eyes flashed at the very thought of one hesitating on the mercy and the goodness and the never failing succor of the Heavenly Father.

It was Saturday morning, near to the noon hour,

and one of the Little Sisters went with me to the kitchen—spotlessly clean and so tidy that it well might be the envy of the most fastidious housewife. Here another Sister was busy preparing the dinner, assisted by a few inmates of the home. The dinner looked good and tempting, and there was plenty for all, for the Little Sisters eat the same fare as the humblest inmate, eat what the members of the Order beg from door to door and from among the merchants and hotels.

“You see we have our dinner, and plenty of it,” said the Sister. “Now come and see the pantry.” The room was large and roomy enough but lo, like that other pantry of childhood’s tales it was bare—destitute of a single article of food! A bread box near by was piled high with fresh loaves of bread.

“See,” smiled the Sister, “We have this bread left, and when our Sisters return this evening they will bring with them full and plenty and to spare for the supper this evening, for the meals tomorrow, and for the breakfast and dinner Monday.”

Thus the Little Sisters live. Two of the band start out each morning, regardless of the weather, and beg from door to door, the money given to them paid out to the last cent on the debts of the community as fast as it is received. Nothing hoarded, nothing saved for the morrow—only the plea to the Heavenly Father:

“Give us this day our daily bread.”

“The same God rules tomorrow as today,” said

the Sister. "Why then should we fear lest to-morrow should bring suffering?"

While two of the Sisters beg from door to door, two others take the little black covered wagon, so familiar everywhere, and beg among the various tradesmen for the sustenance of the following day. They cheerfully accept whatever is given them, and when they have finished their day's labors, they sit down to the frugal meal, consisting of whatever the charitably inclined people of the day have contributed.

Should there be a delicacy or two among the contributions, think you the Sisters get it? Far from it. There are helpless invalids lying on snowy beds out at the home, whose feeble lips will smile an appreciation of the dainty crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. The extra dainty will be prepared for the sick poor, and the Little Sisters will praise God for his beneficence.

The Homes of the Aged, presided over by these good Sisters, are planned ever with a thought for the old, the helpless, the infirm. The rooms are invariably laid out with an idea not to artistic lines or vain show, but to the comfort of the old folks, and this rule is followed in the building of the various homes scattered throughout the country.

There are dining rooms, for instance, on the same floor with the dormitory for the crippled, that the infirm may gather for the daily meals without any more exertion than is absolutely necessary. There are rooms for the workmen, the men not so infirm but that they may help the Sisters with little

chores about the place, and there are dormitories for the sick, the crippled, the lame and the halt.

There are rest rooms for the men and for the women, reading rooms and a "smoke house", a detached building, is for the especial comfort of the men who care to smoke, the Sisters not permitting smoking in the building proper, not only on account of the danger of fire such a practice would engender, but because some of the old ladies object to the aroma of the weed!

While on the subject, it is but just to relate that the Sisters declare that the old men are not half the care of the women. The latter are more nervous, more sensitive, and by far the more exacting. Yet peace and harmony reigns in this happy home for the Sisters know just how to take the old folks, and it is a sad commentary on the ties of human affection to note that the Sisters get along admirably well with their infirm charges, where their own flesh and blood—oft-times the hale and hearty sons and daughters—turn the old folks out to be cared for by the hands of strangers, through the Providence of God.

The Little Sisters of the Poor rise at half past four every morning of the year, and for them a good portion of the day is spent when the old folks are ready to get up, the Sisters dressing those who need assistance, carrying breakfast to the infirm, and getting well on with the work of the day when ordinary mortals are beginning to think that another day is about to dawn. The Sisters do every bit of the work of the home themselves.

They must not only beg for their charges, but they must wash, iron, scrub and do the manual labor necessary, with the exception of what little assistance the inmates can offer them; which is more than offset by the helplessness of those who have been as helpless as new-born infants for years. When it is remembered that the "Juniors" of a Home for the Aged are men or women of 65, the help these people can give may be imagined. More of the inmates are past 80 than under 70, the home seldom accepting an applicant under the age of 65 years.

There are old couples at the home, as well as men and women who have lost their life partners; bachelors and "bachelor women" who have slipped down the hill of poverty and distress alone, the happier perhaps, for the serpent's tooth has not pierced their heart through the mockery of a thankless child. Every other Monday, the old folks are permitted to leave the home and go where they will for the day, the men and women having alternate visiting days. The only restriction is that the men must be able to walk the straight line home and not give way to the tempter with his glass that cheers. Of course, such a rule is not needed for the women inmates of the Home for the Aged! In the rare cases where the men fall on this rock, the privilege of the visiting day is rescinded for the following fortnight.

That the old folks are not lacking in every possible attention was evidenced by the pile of clean clothing arranged by the side of every bed, and

the caps of the old ladies carefully laid on each pillow, ready for the wearer Sunday, might well have been arranged by the hand of a daughter whose heart was filled with love for the enfeebled mother. I had not seen such caps in years—some of them trimmed in lace, some with a touch of purple, each having an indescribably pathetic air of a “Sunday best.”

There are any number of characters in the Home for the Aged, some of the men having such an unmistakable air of respectability that to look into their countenance is to pity them in the solitary loneliness of their declining years. There are gentle sufferers on the cots in the hospital, some of them have lain there helpless for years, one woman, blind, speechless and crippled, having uncomplainingly occupied one of the cots for the past fifteen years.

“She is nearly home now,” whispered the Sister, as she patted the withered hand of that mother of several children, one of the unwritten heroines of the day and one whose patience and fortitude in suffering, let us hope, will be rewarded with an endless cycle of happy years in that “house of many mansions,” into which, forsooth, there may be no admittance for the heartless children.”

Before leaving the Home for the Aged, I stepped into the dining room and saw the white-haired guests at dinner, seated round tables as immaculate and spotless as the lives of those who preside over the home. But it was not the room, nor yet the weary wanderers, cared for “by the Providence of

God'' that set surging that wave of pity for God's poor, forsaken by friends and kindred in the twilight of life, but rather this piteous appeal hanging framed, within sight of all—these words from the Book of Books:

“Stay with us, Lord, because it is towards evening
and the day is far spent.”

CHAPTER XIII.

ASSUMPTION DAY CELEBRATIONS.



THE Ancient Order of Hibernians, of Kansas City, Mo., have received their full share of criticism for holding their annual picnic on Assumption Day, at the only park in the city where revel holds sway and gayety reigns supreme, to the music of the clinking of the glass. The criticism grows as the abuse of the day becomes more flagrant, but since every man's business is no man's business, no one in the ranks seems to have the courage to speak out and put a stop to the practice.

The Hibernians celebrate the Battle of the Yellow Ford, a glorious battle to be sure, but one that is not celebrated in Ireland, except in remote districts, although surely the fire of patriotism burns as strongly there as here. Intelligent Irishmen have long since learned that celebrations of past victories prove no panacea for the ills of the moment, and have wisely decided that their time and their talents may be the better spent in assisting the cause of the living, rather than by commemorating with the flowing bowl, the glories of the dead.

Not that we would for the fraction of a second forget the glories and the heroism of a race whose

light shone for all men for centuries; not that we would forget what the art and sciences of ancient Ireland have accomplished for the civilized world; not that we would be unmindful of the fact that the spark of the purest patriotism burned and still burns in the heart of the Celt, but rather that we would cherish these fond memories, is the protest raised against the desecration of what should be a day of solemnity to all Catholics, the desecration reflecting upon all Irishmen, whether members of the revelers or not.

The real issue at stake here, is that the Irish nation is assailed on all sides; it is an open secret that the principal daily newspaper of the city is decidedly English in tone, and can offer nothing more elevating to the Irish people, than cartoons of the stage Irishman; the referring to all loafers as "Hooligans," and to all policemen as "the Hogan;" the leading stores offer on St. Patrick's Day, postal cards adorned with pigs, and the merchants of the city regale passers-by with a gorgeous display of green hats of ancient lineage, each tile topped off with a bit of a dudeen, and labeled "The hat me father wore;" but of this the Hibernians take no notice. The summer season is fast growing apace, and every energy must be bent that the Assumption Day picnic be made a success—from a monetary standpoint. What matter if the daily press have reporters on the grounds on that eventful day, and delight their readers with a story of alleged brogue, credited up to the Irish, as seen at the picnic!

At the last picnic, the leading daily paper of the city poked fun at the Hibernians and at their jollification, but the latter had no time to resent the insult—or perhaps it were more charitable to say that they may have been too sleepy or too dazed after the celebration of the Battle of the Yellow Ford, to know that they had been struck! They satisfied themselves of the fact that the cash receipts of the day were up to the usual standard—and what mattered about the rest?

True patriotism consists of bettering existing conditions, resenting the insult of the moment and demanding for the Irish people, the respect and justice for which the brilliant pages of their history make them worthy aspirants. Not a single patriotic speech was made at the last picnic, although one of the speakers did refer to the love of the Irishman for the flag under which he lived, and his veneration for the land of his birth, but the principal speaker of the day was our Methodist mayor, he who shines in the pulpit of the various churches of the city, and who is qualified to hold the chair at the meeting of the Amalgamated Association of Old Fogies.

Indeed, the gentleman is said to have almost mixed his regulation Salvation Army speech with his burst of Irish enthusiasm, but had the good sense to quickly turn the subject, lest his hearers, or such of them as were awake, might note his utter and complete ignorance of the Irish people, past, present and future.

The Hibernians of the city have been relegated

to the serio-comic ranks so long ago, that it were madness to expect them to listen to reason, but if proof is wanting of the fact that the Mayor looked upon the affair as a side show, it is only necessary to relate the fact that a woman, a suffragette by inclination and a lecturer by profession,—was given a letter by the self-same Mayor, to the President of the United Irish Societies, with the request that she be named as one of the speakers of the day!

True, the Irish people are proud, and justly so, of the glories of the past, but that these past glories are held in reverence is not due to the Assumption Day picnics, when the Salvation Army hero and the Fat Women vie with each other for the plaudits of the multitude and the honors of the potato race!

It may be only a matter of opinion, but I for one, and no one lives more loyal to the Green and Gold, am too proud of the glories of ancient Ireland, and too hopeful of an even more glorious future, to condescend for one moment to link the name of the undying race with the Assumption Day fiasco, as managed in this city.

If the Hibernians must celebrate the battle of the Yellow Ford, on a Holy Day of Obligation, let them do so at least in a manner that will not reflect upon the race. Let them find a speaker for the day—there are any number of eloquent Irishmen in the city, without seeking one in the ranks of the Salvation Army,—and let the speaker not run races with women whom Nature has builded

after the model of elephants, but let him tell the people of the advent of St. Patrick on the shores of the Emerald Isle, "where he placed the green shamrock beside the blood-red cross and these symbols of the trinity of God and the redemption of man, proclaimed to those pagan chieftains the advent of a truer religion and the dawn of a glorious civilization."

Let the people hear of the Irish scholars who filled seats of learning the world over, and when the speaker has finished with the Irishman on his native soil, let him come to the immortal record of the Irish in America.

Let the world know that the first martyr of the Revolutionary War was an Irishman—General Richard Montgomery—of whom Bancroft wrote: "He passed away with the love of all who knew him, the grief of the nascent republic and the eulogies of the world."

Let the story of the Father of the American Navy be told again; let the story of Jack Barry resound on the anniversary of the Battle of the Yellow Ford, rather than the shouts of revelry and the drinking to the health of Ireland!

Let the tribute of Parke Custis, adopted son of Washington, be heard again: "Up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished to the ratio of about 100 to 1 to any nation whatever. Then honored be the old and good service of the sons of Erin in the War of Independence; let the shamrock be entwined with the laurels of the Revolu-

tion, and truth and justice, guiding the pen of history, inscribe upon the tablets of America's remembrance, eternal gratitude to Irishmen!"

It is devoutly to be wished that ere another year rolls by, some decisive action will be taken, to the end that a quasi-political picnic will not be the order of Assumption Day, regardless of the protest of those who have at heart the welfare of the Church and of the Irish people, even though their names be not enrolled upon the membership list of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MODERN APOSTLE.



JUST about five years ago, there was ordained for the diocese of St. Louis, a young priest whose chief characteristic seemed to be his love for little children, and the more forsaken the child by other friends, the stronger the bond of affection that existed between the lad and the zealous priest. For a few brief years after his ordination, this priest, Rev. Peter J. Dunne, served as assistant to the pastor of two different churches in St. Louis, his last charge including also, the chaplaincy of a convent.

At six o'clock every morning in the year, regardless of the weather, of the blistering heat of the summer or of the biting winds of the winter, Father Dunne boarded a suburban car, on his way to the Convent Chapel, where he daily offered up the sacrifice of the Mass. He had not been making these early morning trips many days ere he noticed that another traveler was as punctual as he, and never failed to board the car, carrying under his arm a little bundle of papers, and making a manly effort to sell them.

"Little Jimmie" was all the name the other morning traveler then had; he was scarcely ten

years of age, and yet he was friendless, poor, and completely alone in a great world, left to drift for himself as best he might, and fight for his miserable existence at an age when he should have been as tenderly cared for as an infant in arms.

"Little Jimmie," was quite the most abandoned specimen of humanity that Father Dunne had ever seen as far as outward appearances went, but his dirty little face always harbored a grin, and as he sold the paper each morning to the big-hearted priest, he had always a cheerful smile and a merry twinkle in his eye, with which he expressed his gratitude as his patron told him to "keep the change." "Little Jimmie" never failed to dig down into his pile of papers, in order to get the cleanest copy for the man who had a cheery "good morning," as well as a tip, for the little toddler.

The outfit worn by "Little Jimmie" was as marvelous as the fabled coat of Joseph; the trousers almost buried his little figure from view, the sleeves of his coat were either close to his elbow, or reached far below his thumbs; his hat did not need artificial ventilation, for it was filled with air holes. In truth, "Little Jimmie" had never been able to buy clothes for himself, and gladly accepted anything in the line of wearing apparel that came his way; it mattered not whether the trousers were the cast-off garments of a boy of seven or one of twelve; "Little Jimmie" could make them fit, and it was the same with his shoes and his hat and the rest of his clothing. He

never stopped to consider such things as sizes, and was thankful and happy if only he had sufficient raiment to permit him to roam at large.

Such was the lad who won the heart of the good Father Dunne.

After the lapse of some few weeks "Little Jimmie" failed to put in an appearance on the early morning car, but another lad sold the paper in his stead; for the first few days the priest did not pay any particular attention to the non-appearance of his ragged little chum; but when the days ran into a week and no sign of the twinkling eyes and the irrepressible grin, Father Dunne enquired of the newsboy who succeeded him, as to the whereabouts of the youngster.

"Where is Jimmy?" he asked one morning, and the newsboy replied: "You see, he is so dirty and so ragged that the fellows won't let him sell papers any more, and he is afraid to get on the car for fear the police will get him, and he hasn't the money to get fixed up, so there he is," and even the fellow newsboy could see the pathos of the situation.

"Will you take a message to Jimmie for me?" said Father Dunne, and the lad agreed to do so.

"Then please tell Jimmie to meet me at Blank's store this afternoon at four o'clock."

The boy promised to do so, but Jimmie failed to show up at the appointed hour, although Father Dunne waited patiently for his appearance. The following morning the newsboy who had delivered the message to Jimmie, told Father Dunne that

the youngster was afraid to meet him as he requested, for fear that he would be turned over to some institution or placed in an orphan asylum.

"Tell Jimmie not to be afraid to meet me," said Father Dunne. "Tell him also that I am his friend and I want him to be on hand at the appointed store this afternoon at four o'clock."

This time Jimmie's courage rose to the occasion, and he was on hand, in all the glory of his hand-me-downs, his face wreathed in smiles as he took the proffered hand of Father Dunne.

The two went first to a near-by barber shop, where orders were given to furnish Jimmie with a bath, the first he probably had ever had since he began to make his own way in the world. The bath was followed by a hair cut. Then hand in hand, the pair went into the clothing store, and Jimmie's rags were abandoned, one and all. From the ground up, Jimmie had been fitted out with new clothes, the first time in his life that he ever was given the blessed privilege of selecting his own garments and having them properly fitted to his emaciated little body! If Jimmie smiled when he first beheld Father Dunne on the car that wintry morning, his face fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm now as he realized for the first time in his weary little life, the meaning of kindness and the friendship of one of Nature's Noblemen.

As Father Dunne and his little charge left the clothing store, no one would recognize the bright-faced youngster, with his neat suit and well groomed appearance, as the dilapidated creature who

entered there but a few minutes before, and Jimmie himself—well he is authority for the fact that he constantly kept pinching himself to see would he wake up and find he had only been dreaming one more dream of affluence.

For the first time then, Father Dunne learned the life story of the forsaken waif. His mother was dead he said, oh, ever so long ago—almost farther back than Little Jimmie's memory went—but he could remember that once upon a time a lady kissed him and told him she was going away—going to leave "Little Jimmie" all alone, and never coming back—but God would be good to her boy—to Jimmie—and the next he remembered he was riding in a carriage, and everybody was saying, "Poor Little Jimmie!"

"I guess my mother must have died about that time, don't you think so?" asked Jimmie, with a wistful, far-away look in his keen blue eyes.

The moisture was in the eyes of Father Dunne as Jimmie finished his sorrowful little recital of his mother, but he said: "Well, your father, where is he?"

"I don't know where he is now," said Jimmie, "but my, how he drinks! He just never is sober, and when he finds me, he takes my pennies away from me, and if I haven't got any for him, he kicks me and swears at me! Oh, he is terrible when he is drunk," said Jimmie, and then, as if with a superhuman effort, "but he is fine when he is sober!"

The tiny bit of humanity said he lived in a cave

with a negro, and "oh, well, I eat just whenever I can—all depends upon how the papers go."

"Well, my child," said Father Dunne, "you will sleep in the cave no more, and neither will your father abuse you. The Father of the Homeless will provide a home for you. Your mother was right—God will look out for "Little Jimmie" from now on," and Father Dunne took the child to the home of a friend and requested that he be given food and lodging until such time as another home could be found for him.

Jimmie's story went straight to the heart of Father Dunne, and try as he would, he could not shake it from his memory. The wistful little face seemed to haunt him, until the young priest finally went to Archbishop Glennon, and pleaded that he be permitted to devote his life to the care of the other "Little Jimmies," with which he knew full well the town was overgrown. So earnestly did he plead the cause of the homeless child, and so forcibly did the story appeal to Archbishop Glennon, that before Father Dunne left the room, he had the permission of the archbishop, and the assurance of his help in the worthy cause.

Not many weeks passed after that interview with Archbishop Glennon, until Father Dunne had rented an unpretentious little house in the center of the city, and brought "Little Jimmie" to it—the first occupant of what is now the Newsboys' Home. A dozen or more other "Little Jimmies"

were soon added to the family, and a happier group could not be found in all St. Louis.

Father Dunne could not devote all his time to the lads, but he realized that he must be near them, so he gave up his place in the more fashionable portion of the city, to become assistant at St. Patrick's and have more time to spend with his boys. He played with them after they had sold their papers in the afternoon, read to them on long winter evenings, consoled them in their many little sorrows, and was a Father to them in every sense of the word, providing food and clothing and clean beds for them, luxuries of which they had never before even dared to dream.

The little house soon proved too small for the applicants who continued to knock at the door and apply for admittance, and so Father Dunne set about to provide a home where there would be room for all.

About this time, Archbishop Glennon appointed Father Dunne to attend the sessions of the Juvenile Court, and soon released him entirely from parish duties, so that he might follow the prompting of his heart, and devote his life entirely to the cause of homeless and deserted children. Then it was that Father Dunne set out to raise funds for the fine home over which he presides to-day.

Somehow or another, Father Dunne never asked any one for money for his home, he was too bashful for all that, but the story of his labors spread throughout the city, and one by one, the charitable people were awakened to the beauty of the cause

to which the young priest had given up all worldly ambition, contented to live and die with his boys, and only anxious for their welfare. When funds became dangerously low, Father Dunne would stroll into the office of some man of wealth—some man who knew of the work—and with his hat in his hand, the young priest would stand speechless for a moment or two. The man of means would usually be the first one to break the silence.

“Well, how are the boys?”

That was the magic wand that could bring from the lips of Father Dunne stories of his work, tales of everyday scenes in the home, that were sure to touch the hardest heart, and Father Dunne always left the office happy, for food and raiment and light and cheer, was assured for his boys for another brief spell.

Finally a number of men contributed a thousand dollars each towards the building of the home, and as Father Dunne's Newsboys' Home stands to-day, it cares for more than one hundred lads, yet he is planning an addition, so as to be able to care for at least as many more.

The boys are as neatly dressed as any other boys of the town; there is no sameness about their attire; no badge of the orphan asylum with its uniform; it is Father Dunne's idea to get as far away as possible from the orphan asylum or institutional idea, and to make the place a home more than in name. No iron-bound rules bind the children with its chains. They may play when they will, may roam through the build-

ing much as they would in their own home, but they must attend school. Those large enough to do so attend a neighboring school, and for the little fellows, Father Dunne has a schoolroom in the building, in charge of a competent teacher, and here the first mysteries of the kindergarten are unfolded to the lads.

"It always struck me as a strange fact," said Father Dunne, "that while we had flourishing asylums for the orphans, hospitals for the sick, homes for the poor and aged, schools for the deaf and dumb and the blind, free schools and libraries without end, free parks and a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, we had nothing for the poor children of the city. Everybody seemed to have some kind of a home except the poor ragged little urchin, the homeless boy, oft-times hungry and cold; he was left to sleep in sheds and alleys and snatch an occasional bite here and there. His condition seemed to appeal to no one; he lived his little life, and if he fell by the wayside, who was there to notice, much less to mourn his fate?"

"There are boys whom the orphan asylums will not take, and if they took them, could not manage them; there are boys whom neither the parochial nor the public schools will admit, for having been raised in the alleys of the city, the school authorities do not care to have them associate with the children who are more fortunate; there are boys who are unmanageable at home; boys who have drunken and improvident parents;

in fact, the world is full of homeless boys to whom Humanity does not give even a passing thought."

"The Newsboys' Home is open to every homeless boy," concluded Father Dunne. "It matters not whether he is two years old or fifteen or even older; if he is homeless, no matter what his age or what his creed, the doors of the Newsboys' Home are opened wide to him, and he is as welcome to its hospitality as are the flowers of the field to the warmth of the springtime. I have never refused admittance to a boy; for the older boys I find employment, and then they are able to leave the place and care for themselves; the little fellows I keep here, send them to school, and as they grow older, I see that some useful trade is taught them, whereby they may be able to earn their own livelihood as they grow to manhood. I have had boys here as young as two years; have little toddlers here now, and there is never a quarrel in the home. The boys are a happy family, and each one has his full share of 'that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.' I have a catechism class every afternoon for the small boys, and in the evening, for the older lads. The attendance is not compulsory, and yet I have no trouble at all in keeping the boys in the class. They realize that an education must be the foundation of their lives if they care to develop into useful citizens; the Catholic boys, of course, are instructed in their faith, while the others are left to decide for themselves as to whether or not they want to join the class."

A fine printing establishment is connected with

the Newsboys' Home, and the little fellows are mastering the printer's art and turning out the monthly publication of the home, in a manner that would do credit to workers twice their size.

There is no person in the place to bother the boys with orders, or to note whether or not their shoes are shined before they enter its doors, but a man is in charge of the older boys to see that they are in bed at the proper time, that they say their prayers and conduct themselves in an orderly manner. A woman looks after the little fellows in the same manner, and Father Dunne is ever on hand himself, roaming here and there, taking one little fellow by the hand and lifting another in his arms, as he dries the tears of a lonely childhood.

The dormitories are spotlessly clean, and the dining room would compare with many a pretentious boarding house, few of the latter coming anywhere near it, however, in point of cleanliness.

Not long ago, one cold night a small boy rang the bell at the home, his nightshirt in a bundle under his arm, and applied for admittance, explaining that he "was one too many at home!" He is but a type, according to Father Dunne.

The physician who looks after the welfare of the lads at Father Dunne's Home became interested in the place from a chance meeting with the priest.

"I was sitting in my office one evening," he said, "when a clergyman came in, leading a crying little boy by the hand. The child's face and clothing were covered with blood which flowed

from a wound in his forehead. The little fellow was a newsboy, and in trying to avoid the wheels of a rapidly moving carriage had fallen, striking his head upon the curb. Consoling and encouraging the little sufferer, the priest aided me materially as I dressed the wound. The clergyman was Father Dunne, and since that chance acquaintance, I have learned much of his life. If ever a man had a calling for his work, Father Dunne certainly has been called as a Father to these homeless waifs, for he is pre-eminently adapted to ministering to the wants of children.

"I have seen him at work with the boys during the day; I have seen him at play with them, and I have seen him keeping the silent watches of the night at the bedside of some poor forsaken child, a loving smile ever in his wonderfully kind and compassionate eyes; an encouraging, hopeful word ever on his lips; I have seen these little homeless boys crowd around and cling to him in love and reverence, their eyes telling the love their lips could not speak. I have never seen Father Dunne with his boys, at work or at play, but that my mind turned to the life and teachings of the Gentle Nazarene, and I have often thought within myself, 'Here is a man who is doing more in a single day of his life, doing more to imitate that Divine Example, than most men do in a lifetime!'"

The boys of the Home may be poor and without another earthly friend save Father Dunne, but they are his boys and he cares for them as tenderly

as would a mother for her children. Let a shoe be broken, no eye detects it before that of Father Dunne. Let the little lips turn pale, no physician is needed to tell their protector that the child is ill and in need of care. They may be unkempt at times, and they may not all be angels, but they are Father Dunne's boys. The dignity, the kindness and the strength of character of Father Dunne dominates the home, and performs the miracle of turning incorrigibles into alert, active, obedient youths.

"Little Jimmie" is nearly twelve years old now, but he is still at the home, chief assistant for his faithful friend. He trots around at his heels, and is happiest when permitted to run an errand or perform some little act of labor for his benefactor. He is growing up to be a sturdy youth, and in all truth may it be said that God has taken care of him, even as his dying mother prophesied.

Last Thanksgiving Day, a good friend of Father Dunne decided to give his boys a banquet, not a banquet wherein the food is begged from door to door, or gathered in baskets about the town, but a genuine banquet, the memory of which would outlive Time itself in the hearts of the bidden guests.

The most elaborate bill of fare of the season was prepared, the tables were spread with the finest of linen, adorned with flowers and resplendent with exquisite cut glass; colored waiters were at hand to attend to the wants of every child, and best of all, at each plate was a souvenir of the occasion, one that dimmed with tears the eyes of many

of the friendless children, unused to such scenes. The souvenirs consisted of little paper mache turkeys, stuffed with candy, and beside the white rose which the little fellows could carry home to some little sick sister or mother, there was a brand new paper dollar, one for each boy, "to have and to hold forever," and to spend as he pleased.

One tiny cripple was in that crowd, and passing here and there among them was Father Dunne, his face radiating a smile that seemed almost supernatural in its serene beauty, and which said more plainly than words: "I am having the time of my life to-day."

The handsome Chapel of the home was recently dedicated by Archbishop Glennon, and it is this Chapel that is the idol of the heart of Father Dunne.

"Take a look at it," he urged, "you never before saw so beautiful a Chapel, and you never will again."

The Chapel is appropriately named the "Chapel of the Holy Child," and it is decorated in dainty blue and gold, the altar carpeted with rich red velvet, the throne of the Archbishop hung in folds of the same material. Over the altar are emblazoned the words: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," while the ceiling is decorated with cherubs and two life-size paintings, illustrating the life of Christ.

The one scene nearer the altar depicts Christ seated on the bank of the riverside, a child in His arms, with a group of children gathered about Him on the soft green bank. The other scene repre-

sents the Child in the Temple; both are masterpieces and particularly appropriate for the Chapel of the Holy Child.

As Father Dunne walked down the aisle from the Chapel, a tiny youngster was standing in the hall; the priest drew the little lad up to him, patted his cheek and no one but himself understood the dumb, awkward, gratefulness that prompted the child to follow the priest the entire afternoon. That is one of the secrets of the success of the Newsboys' Home.

"Why," declared Father Dunne, with a gleam of triumph in his eye, "my boys will one day be at the head of the big institutions of this country! All they need is the training and the proper care; their hard knocks with the world will insure them success later in life!"

The light of the countenance of Father Dunne seems to carry with it a sunbeam from another world; it is infectious, and little wonder that only his presence is necessary to touch the heart of the charitable people and loose the purse strings of those blessed with an abundance, that his boys may have food and shelter and raiment and know naught of the cares of poverty ere they have known the few simple joys of a rapidly disappearing childhood.

What of the reward of this modern apostle? He asks nothing, receives nothing but a bare living and the plainest of clothes, contented only if his purse permit him to add another waif to his home! That his work will shine before all men at the

Last Day is a foregone conclusion, but how woe-fully dwarfed will the countless numbers appear when standing before that same Great Judge? Hoarding their wealth, unmindful of the piteous cries of distressed childhood, and bent on the passing pleasures of Fleeting Time, they give no thought to the misery about them!

When we think of the promise of our Lord that "He who giveth a drop of cold water in My name, to the least of my little ones," is it surprising that that other promise looms up beside the erect figure of Father Dunne: "Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard, the glories that I have prepared for those that love Me?"

There are many and urgent calls in these strenuous days, but what charity appeals to the human heart like the charity of the work undertaken by Father Dunne, the apostle of the newsboys, friend of the friendless, and the father of those whom Divine Providence has left fatherless? Protector of the worse than orphaned child, who if left to himself, would not only know the stings of privation and hardship, but body and soul, would be shipwrecked on that troublous sea of life, of which the young mariner has not knowledge sufficient to steer safely away from the breakers that lie in his path!

"Such as ye do to these little ones, ye do also unto Me!"

Surely a world filled with joy, blessed with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, will not withhold its support from Father Dunne, a true follower of


Christ, a man whose splendid worth shines out like an oasis in this desert of self-love, with its all-consuming ambitions.

You may be poor, as you judge poverty, but if you cannot contribute a substantial sum to the welfare of the little wanderers, as dearly loved by the Father in Heaven as the petted child that plays at your knee to-night, that child whose eyes would stare in wonder at the very mention of poverty or of struggling for an existence—can you not afford to subscribe to the "Newsboys' Home Journal," the monthly publication of Father Dunne's boys? It would mean but a dollar a year to you, but one hundred dollars a year means the saving of one more small child.

Like the rich man from whom Lazarus begged, let this appeal not fall in vain upon your heart. Withhold not the crumbs of your affluence to these little ones, lest you too, might one day beg to be permitted to return, that you might warn your fellow-man of that Eternity where the soul of the poor outcast, in its peace and glory, will dim the splendor of the Croesus, who living and dying for himself alone, spends his Eternity in the same manner, unable to render an account of his stewardship.

CHAPTER XV.

LITERARY JUNK.

 HE never ceasing wail of the editors of a horde of papers that flourish in America, under the title of the "Catholic press," is that the Catholic people do not read their effusions, and do not rally to their support in numbers at all proportionate with the Catholic population. All of which is true, but that there is a reason for the apathy of the Catholic for the so-called Catholic press, is recognized by all who have given the subject even a moment's consideration.

Take any one of the great raft of papers passing muster as Catholic Journals and search its columns; you will seek in vain for a live issue, and you cannot fail to note the all absorbing fact that the title of the paper but serves to carry the advertising pages, that the interest of the Church in America is lost sight of in the zeal of the managers to gather in the shekels of the merchants who thus fondly believe they are appealing to Catholic patronage. Like "dry trees in the wilderness" are the average Catholic papers, and it is little wonder that the cry is resounded again and again that the combined circulation of the seventy-eight Catholic papers published weekly in the United States,

does not nearly equal the circulation of the one lonely socialist paper, published in a town in Kansas, a town so small that it is lucky to secure even a mention on the map.

There is a reason for the decay of the Catholic press of this country, just as there is a reason for the unbounded circulation of the organ of the socialists. The editor of the average Catholic paper edits his paper with a scissors, while the editor of the socialist paper puts brains into his work; the editor of the Catholic paper keeps one eye ever on the advertising pages, while the editor of the socialist paper never loses sight of the fact that his paper represents a Cause, he gets into the firing line of battle, strikes straight from the shoulder in the interest of his cause, and looks about him to see his work rewarded by a solid wall of his people standing with him in the fight.

The average Catholic editor is afraid to touch a living issue; it might offend his advertising patronage, and then indeed would his joy be turned into woe disconsolate. The Catholic press preaches humility and is a firm believer in the policy of turning the other cheek when a controversy waxes warm and the Church is being assailed, while the Socialist organ stands by its constituents in the thick of the fight, let the brunt of the battle fall when and where it will. Is it any wonder, then, that the socialist rallies to the support of his paper, or that the Catholic, disgusted beyond power of words, sends it to the ash heap, and if he contributes at all to its support in the way of a subscrip-

tion, .charges up the amount thus spent to charity?

Far be it from me to defend the socialist paper of Kansas, but the truth cannot be denied, that the socialist is waging war at the very root of civilization and has at his command the most powerful weapon known to the mind of man, the power of a united press, the power of the fearless pen, ever mightier than the sword.

The columns of the average Catholic paper are about as entertaining as the society columns of the daily papers and equally instructive. We are told through the medium of the Catholic press, that the Mutual Admiration Societies are flourishing, and that Miss This and Mr. That orated at this or that function, the while the brass band of the editorial chorus grinds out the cry of "Hail to the Chief."

Every year or so, the men who make a "profession" of getting out special editions for the mediocre Catholic press, strike town and are given carte blanche to fleece the citizens, the booty divided between the owner of the Catholic paper and the professional fakirs, generally at the ratio of twenty-five per cent to seventy-five. I have in mind one such special edition, heralded as an "educational number" and ostensibly published with a view to educating the "laboring men" against the evils of socialism. A few scissored articles from leading dignitaries of the Church, followed the fakirs in their rounds of the various cities wherein mediocre Catholic papers are pub-

lished, and appeared as the "educational supplement," the while the plate matter from which the articles were printed again and again, wore itself to a thin edged frazzle, and was almost impossible to read.

This "educational number" went just a little more than the limit, in its advertising pages, the profits of which amounted to a clear thousand dollars to the owner of the insignificant rag which I have in mind. The town was raked by the professional fakirs, and every quack within the confines of the city was permitted to flaunt his unholy wares in the faces of the Catholic patrons of that paper. The vanity of man was appealed to, and for a man to see the effulgence of his countenance shine from the pages of that "educational number," it was only necessary that he produce five dollars, and the coveted privilege was his; men of every reputation and of no reputation; political mouthers and young know nothings lent the light of their countenance and donated five dollars each to the "educational" fund, among the motley collection being the physiognomy of a gentlemen, a Jew who denied his country and was in turn disowned by his countrymen; a man who guided the destinies of a Mexican senorita when she brought suit against a well known priest of the city, claiming damages because the priest "struck her with the palm of his hand," when she refused to "have a sheet placed over her head and a bell tied around her neck, the while

she was escorted to the Catholic Church, to thus do public penance for her sins!"

This Jew Atheist, follower of a man who delivered and caused to be published in the daily press of the city, a most vicious attack on the Catholic Church, this Atheist, for the price of five dollars, within a few weeks of the filing of the suit in question for the grass widow of uncertain lineage, was heralded in the pages of that Catholic paper as one of the "Prominent Citizens of the City!" God save the mark!

Looking upon the sea of faces that adorned that paper, one might well pause and ask: would its influence not accomplish more for socialism than all the pleadings of the organ of the party; for, admitting that collection to be the "leading citizens" of the place, who would not willingly fly to the arms of socialism to escape the companionship of such a nondescript gathering?

Not long since, a lecturer on socialism, one drilled in the art of leading the unthinking masses his way, appeared in a certain city of the west and assailed the Church of Rome, as was his wont. What think you the editor of the Catholic paper of the town did to combat the effect of the lecture? Himself ignorant of the question at issue, and not given to tempting his pen beyond the social column and parish gossip of the sheet, selected a friend, equally ignorant of the dangers of socialism and of the abyss into which it would hurl its devotees, requested him to "read up" on socialism and have a reply to the eloquent lecturer of the

evening previous, ready for the morrow's issue of the Catholic paper!

Truly, it might be written, whom the gods would destroy, they first make editors of a mediocre Catholic press!

An objectionable text book was unearthed in the public schools of a western city; in its pages the youth of the city, in studying the Canterbury Tales, were taught that "There is a whole group of ecclesiastical figures, representing in their number and variety, the immense growth of the Mediaeval Church. Most of them are satirical portraits, in their worldliness and gross materialism, only too faithful representatives of the corrupt Catholicism against which Wycliff struggled!

"First of all there is a monk, who cares only for hunting and good cheer, his bald head shines like glass, his 'steep eyes' roll in his head; he rides a sleek brown palfrey and has 'many a dainty horse' in his stable; his sleeves are trimmed with fine fur at the wrists; his hood is fastened under his chin with a gold love-knot. Other ecclesiastics are there. * * * the Summoner, a repulsive person with 'fire-red Cherubim face', the Pardoner, with his bag full of pardons, 'come from Rome all hot,' and of bits of cloth and pig's bones, which he sells as relics of the holy saints. Chaucer's treatment of these evil churchmen is highly good natured and tolerant; he never takes the tone of moral indignation against them. But he does better; he sets beside them as a type of the true Shepherd of the Church, a 'poor parson' such, as

under Wycliff's teaching had spread over England, beginning that great movement for the purification of the Church, which was to result, more than a century later, in the Reformation. Chaucer paints the character of the Parson, poor in this world's goods, but 'rich of holy thought and work,' with loving and reverential touch. * * * The fearlessness with which the Oxford reformer, John Wycliff, attacked the corruptions of the Church, * * * was like fuel to the flames of discontent. In 1381 an immense uprising of the peasants occurred * * * they marched on London and murdered an Archbishop!"

The attention of the Catholic people was accidentally called to this book, "A History of English Literature," written by William Vaughn Moody and Robert Morse Lovett, assistant professors in that hot-bed of freakdom, the University of Chicago, other of its professors having achieved fame by analyzing kisses and discovering that the pygmies of the wilds of Africa once played "Cats' Cradle."

The Catholic press of the city was stricken dumb; not one line appeared in its pages against the treacherous text book, and not the least attention was paid to the matter. Why, you ask? Because there were on the school board of that city, men whose advertising patronage was worth considering; men who controlled "powerful interests," and think you the Catholic paper of that town would dare to beard the lion in his den, even in the cause for which his paper professed to exist?

The book still remains in the schools of that city, thanks to the apathy of the people and the utter uselessness, to put it mildly, of the Catholic press.

France and the Vatican was discussed by the daily press of that same city, to the disparagement of the Catholic Church and the Roman Pontiff, but the pages of that Catholic makeshift were innocent of a word of defense or explanation, until a Catholic citizen, driven to desperation by the repeated attacks in the editorial columns of the most prominent daily of the city, sent an explanation of the trouble to another paper. Then and then only, was the editor of the Catholic paper roused to action, to the end that he took his scissors and clipped the article from the secular paper, that the people might have the Church's side of the controversy, months after the press of the city had distorted history in its silly attempts to throttle Rome, and a full week after the article of explanation had appeared in the daily paper. Such is enterprise!

"Cardinal Gibbons makes a noble plea for fair play by the American people, in their judgment concerning the present struggle between Church and State in France," said the leading daily paper, editorially, "but since the great Churchman's position includes an expression of sympathy with the Vatican, and public protest against the action of the French people, that position could not be adopted by the American Nation. It is impossible that one Republic should not sympathize with the efforts of another Republic to establish

religious equality. The French people must be left to work out their own problems without such interference as the American people, on their part, would instantly resent. The proofs are indisputable that the Frenchmen are tired of paying taxes to support a set of clergy not of their own choosing. The dispute is one in which the Vatican happens to be ranged against the great majority of the French people."

Again, the same paper, in its editorial columns, sent this calumny broadcast: "From one point of view it is impossible to withhold admiration for the lofty courage with which the Church of France has entered upon a conflict with the State. There is an assumption of strength, an implied contempt for the secular arm that is the ardent product of a thousand or more years of supreme power. Moreover, the attitude of the Vatican in resisting the law of the land is suggestive of an age that is forever gone. There is something medieval about the whole affair—even about the courage with which the papal policy is undertaken. But this is a modern world and in the long run the ideals of the past must give way to the present age."

These and similar indictments of the Church in France, appeared daily in the editorial columns of that anti-catholic sheet, and through it all the local Catholic paper remained dumb as an oyster on the subject, but beguiled its readers with tales of "the large, intelligent and well-behaved audience" that "listened to the recitation of Miss Schreecher, delivered with the greatest of ease and grace,"

and winded up with the stock phrase—"We do not recall when we have seen such a *tout ensemble* of talent, beauty and artistic ability as gathered for this highly creditable entertainment."

The editor of the paper undoubtedly did not know what *tout ensemble* meant, but as the President of the Mutual Admiration Society put it in her copy it must not be blue penciled. Perhaps he was like that other editor who hung "*Je Parle Francais*" in his sanctum, believing that it read "God Bless our Home!"

Bishop McFaul of Trenton, in sounding the warning of the needs of a Catholic press in America, said at the convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies: "Take France. What an example of the destructive effect of disunion, of the absence of a strong Catholic press to voice the public opinion of the Catholics! And we need not cross the ocean to see the result of this lack of a strong Catholic press; note the injustice and the biased criticisms of the secular press of this country in discussing the French crisis, the infamy only checked when the Catholic people arose in their might, and made the country ring with the indignant protests of its Catholic citizens! Then and then only, did the secular press cease in its tirade of abuse!

"How different the position taken by the sturdy Germans," continued the Bishop, "They, in their combined strength, established a press that made their Fatherland ring with the injustice of Bismarck, with the wrongs done liberty of con-

science by the Kulturkampf, and behold, although the iron chancellor had loudly exclaimed "I will never go to Conosso," he was glad finally to make peace with the Catholic people. Before his death, the lightning from heaven struck him. In his downfall he might have uttered words similar to those of Cardinal Wolsey: "O Cromwell, Cromwell! Had I served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not in mine old age have left me naked to mine enemies!"

Would that the owners of the mediocre Catholic press would serve the cause of the Church Militant with one half the zeal with which they serve the advertising patrons of their papers. Then would America have a Catholic press united and with the armor of war ever ready, if war meant the final dawn of peace. Then would the incompetents be thrown from the editorial chairs, the laboring world enriched with more laborers worthy of their hire, and the Catholic press freed from the barnacles that have brought it down to the point where it is the laughing stock of the American people, with a few eloquent and estimable exceptions. But, if the average Catholic paper takes on the air of the Punkville Courier in its editorial columns, it is in its advertising pages that it preaches a powerful sermon on the reason for its lack of support.

The advertising pages of many of them reflect credit upon the sense of decency of their advertising managers, not to use a harsher term; they are blots upon the fair escutcheon of the Catholic press

and a disgrace to decent journalism. Charlatans are permitted to flaunt their vices through the columns of the press that guarantees its people, "proper reading for the home," and continually reminds them of the injunction of the late Pope Leo XIII of sainted memory, with regard to every Catholic family subscribing to a Catholic journal.

The Catholic paper in the town where the daily papers assail the Vatican with impunity, where anti-catholic text books are used in the public schools, the Catholic citizens bearing more than their share of the taxes for the spreading of such malicious falsehoods, carried an advertisement for a quack doctor who made his living by the breaking of the commandment: "Thou shalt not kill;" his cleverly worded advertisements were hurled in the face of a decent people until the quack voluntarily withdrew his advertising patronage upon the ground that it did not pay—convinced that the Catholic people were not to be inveigled into his meshes, even when tempted through the medium of their own press!

Another Catholic paper runs a steady advertisement, offering positions paying from fifty dollars a month to ten thousand a year, the suckers probably biting the more readily when they read this alluring offer in the columns of their home paper!

A Catholic paper carries an advertisement from a fellow who guarantees to cure cancer; another proclaims that every deformity, "including lop ears and the tell-tale marks of dissipation are wiped away forever," after a few consultations with the

“specialist” and crossing his palm with the requisite amount of silver, even as he has purchased the decency and the honor of that Catholic paper at the rate of one cent a line for the disgusting advertisement! Other Catholic papers carry the advertisement of a firm that guarantees to cure rheumatism by magic, knowing full well that every one answering that advertisement is but one more dupe, through whose ignorance the charlatan adds dollars to his bank account. Another debauches its columns with the offer of “perfect health to all who consult Dr. Kill or Cure,” and thus help the gentleman in his life work of robbing the credulous sick poor. “No matter how severe your affliction; no matter of how long standing; no matter how many doctors have pronounced your case hopeless, do not despair until you have tried our modern wonder worker, etc.” This quoted verbatim from a leading Catholic periodical.

“Positions paying from one to three thousand dollars a year without any investment of capital,” and with a degree of Doctor of Laws thrown in, is another sample of the bait handed out by the Catholic press, while a calamity howler recites: “I suffered since about four years and was afraid that something awful would happen to me, and the regular physicians could not help me, but Pastor So and So’s Fakerina fixed me up in fine shape,”—and now his picture adorns the pages of the Catholic press. The very wording of the advertisement stamps it as a fake; it is designed by the crafty advertisement writer to deceive the

ignorant and to carry the impression that it was written by a simple man, professing his faith in the wonderful remedy as best he might!

Another advertising doctor flaunts his wares through the Catholic press, giving his nostrum the name of one of the saints of the Church, and including in his blasphemous advertisement the word "It is a blessing to humanity, and is entitled to bear the sacred name!"

Think you the Catholic press objects to such advertising? Think you its owners realize the extent of the mischief that follows in the wake of such work? Listen to an actual experience.

A woman, the mother of several children, fell a victim to paralysis; her case was hopeless, but in her simple faith she read in the Catholic paper of the town, a write-up of a prince of charlatans, who claimed to cure a priest of an incurable malady. The priest in question had not been in possession of his faculties for years; his mind was that of a child and his knowledge of the world was as a great blank. One day he roamed away from the hospital where he was being tenderly cared for, and this charlatan met him. As a result, the Catholic paper of the town, the *Catholic* paper, mind you, whose editor knew the enfeebled condition of the mind of the priest in question, accepted a write-up of the quack, telling the readers that "A gentle figure in the black robe of a priest of the Catholic Church was in the throng," and the reporter singled him out for an expression as to the restoration to life which he had just witnessed.

'I know not the man's power,' the feeble priest was made to say, in the columns of that *Catholic* paper, 'I know not from whence it comes; I only know that today I have witnessed what the Disciples witnessed nineteen hundred years ago! The lame were made to walk—the blind to see—and the woman, given up for dead, was restored by the touch of the hand of this 'divine healer'."

Was ever blasphemer more guilty than the editor of the *Catholic* paper who printed that advertisement—at once a blasphemy of Him who declared "Thou shalt not have strange gods before me!" A blasphemy of the Church by permitting the impression to go out that one of her priests had marvelled at the work of the charlatan and had given his sanction to the proceedings, yea, even comparing the miracle worker to the Man who raised up Lazarus from the dead!

The simple-minded woman, afflicted with paralysis read that testimonial. She would not listen to reason; didn't that good priest say that he saw the dead raised to life, and didn't the *Catholic* paper say so? The upshot of the matter was, that her husband mortgaged his little home for the sum of three hundred dollars; the woman, needless to say, is still a helpless paralytic; the little children are almost denied the sustenance of life that the poor foolish father may pay off the mortgage and maintain a roof over his stricken partner, while the charlatan pursues the even tenor of his way! Over which of the two—the *Catholic* editor or the prince of fakirs, the divine healer who claims for

himself power from on high, will the curse of an outraged God hang the heavier?

Another Catholic paper once upon a time celebrated a jubilee and the matter being called to the attention of the authorities of Rome, the Roman Pontiff sent his blessing to that paper and to its readers. The paper published the document from Rome, with the added injunction that the blessing only included those readers who had their subscription to the paper paid up, "so send in the amount due," urged the editor, "and avail yourself of this Papal blessing!" No one took the trouble to send a copy of that advertisement to the Holy Father, and who could blame the uninitiated, if reading the blasphemous appeal for funds, they started once more on its rounds the calumny that the Catholic Church confers its rites for a price!

The Catholic press in America has its lesson to learn, and the first chapter of that lesson will be that the Catholic people have a higher ideal for the Catholic press than that it should be the official mouthpiece of the degenerate advertisers of the country; that the Catholic press should not be the sewer of corrupt advertising, nor should its pages reek with the poison of the charlatan, preying upon that most pitiful of all subjects, the sick and credulous poor!

The Catholic press has also to learn that a man whom Nature endowed with sufficient brains to enable him to wield the saw in the plate room, and the scissors in the sanctum, is not the manner of

man destined to lead the Catholic press out of its bondage of today.

The cry of the *New World* for an explanation of the too evident fact that Catholic writers are not in vogue today, is answered by these same incompetents, who shipwrecked on the journalistic sea, attempt to guide the Catholic press to a port of safety. Catholic writers will not find an outlet for their genius in the Catholic press, nor will they identify themselves with it, so long as that press is afraid to touch a living issue, afraid to open its columns to a fearless expression of opinion lest a two by four subscriber should withdraw his support, or an advertiser seal the doom of the sheet, with his disapproval of a firm stand for what is right and just and of interest to the Catholic people!

Could the so-called Catholic press of America be wiped off the face of the earth, with the exception of Father Yorke and his brilliant and fearless *Leader* of San Francisco; Father Lambert and his *Freeman's Journal*, of New York; the inimitable C. J. O'Malley and his *New World*, of Chicago, and with a few more illustrious exceptions to the mediocre press of this country, what a future might be in store for the Catholic press! Could such papers have the combined circulation of the rags that now inflict the Church in this country, what a beneficent influence the Catholic press would soon exert, and how proudly the Catholics of America might point to its unsullied pages.

Like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky comes

a ray of hope for a decent Catholic press in America. A zealous enthusiast of Guatemala, the editor of a Catholic weekly paper there, has conceived the idea of presenting to the Holy Father, as a Jubilee gift, sample copies of every Catholic paper published in all the world! A committee is now at work, gathering these monstrosities together, and there is every reason to believe that if Pope Pius X ever gets a glimpse of the veriest rags that pass muster as the Catholic press in America, wades through the scissored editorials and drinks in one whiff of their advertising pages, he will order that they be given a formaldehyde bath before being consigned to the Vatican sewers. Then may the whole tribe be banished with one fell blow, and the real Catholic press receive the support it so richly deserves.

The man of Guatemala may yet prove himself a hero—a benefactor of the human race in disguise, and in the absence of proof of the fact that he is a humorist, perpetrating some joke upon the Catholic editors, let us pin our faith to his project, and once more kindle the fires of hope for a Catholic press in America, which like the cause it represents, will know no peer and few equals in modern journalism.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SOCIETY WEDDING.



WEDDING of unusual beauty was celebrated last evening, when the charming daughter of the Busters was married to the scion of the House of Nutty, the bride being the cynosure of all eyes, with the finest specimen of store hair ever imported to this country. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Willye Smoothly, assisted by a brass band of seven pieces. The officiating clergyman looked lovely in a frock coat of plain black, with his white tie arranged so as to permit his whiskers to fit nicely over it.

Mrs. Buster, the youthful mother of the perfectly lovely bride was showered with congratulations upon her success in having the Rev. Willye wear whiskers for the occasion. Mrs. Buster always did admire Vandyke beards, and after searching the state for a clergyman with the proper chin appendages, she hit upon the happy idea of having Mr. Smoothly raise the Van Dyke for the occasion. Despite the intense heat, the accomodating clergyman was willing to please the fancy of the mother of the richly dowered bride, and he proceeded to coax the beautiful beard into existence. Twice the wedding was postponed because the necessary artistic touch had not yet been reached in the

trimming of the beard, but all so honored as to be present at the wedding last evening, are unanimous in asserting that Mrs. Buster was well repaid for her weary vigil, for Mr. Smoothly really looked charming, and performed in a really creditable manner. The choir, stationed behind a bank of ferns, sang "Other Days," "I know a Lovely Garden," "Love me and the World is Mine," "Baby, does You Love Your Man," and other sacred hymns. After the ceremony, Mr. Smoothly rendered a solo: "I'd like to be an Angel," and received a beautifully engrossed check, bearing the Buster coat of arms, and good for six dollars and twenty-three cents, and it has been whispered that he has vowed that never, never will he again allow his face to be included in the decorating scheme of a marriage ceremony.

The handsome groom wore a frock coat and grey trousers, his oxfords tied with pale blue ribbon, the favorite color of the bride. His hose were marvels of loveliness and were embroidered in forget-me-nots and daisies, in compliment to Mrs. Nutty. The suspenders worn by Mr. Nutty were the gift of the bride, and consisted of broad sashes of pale pink ribbon, ornamented with gold buckles, beautifully monogrammed. His shirt was made quite full in the chest, and was a mass of pin head tucks, set off by a flounce or two of sheer muslin, that toned down his complexion wonderfully well.

Mrs. Buster sustained her reputation as one of the city's really handsome women, and her friends are enthusiastic over the new sheet of enamel

which she has recently had glued to her face. Her gown was cut dashing low, and was the sensation of the evening.

The bride was sheathed in a new hipless gown and was therefore unable to sit down throughout the evening, but bore the vigil with becoming fortitude and a remarkable show of bravery. She exhibited a delicate satin slipper, embossed in gold leaf and edged with pale blue satin, the slipper having been worn by her maternal grandmother, and it is the one great cross of the Buster family that their charming young daughter has not inherited her patrician feet.

Mrs. Du Funny will be remembered by the old settlers as the maid who had the great honor of waiting upon King Edward when he once visited the west as the young Prince Albert, and it is a tradition in the Buster family that grandma Du Funny was the one who made the bed upon which the young prince slept when he stopped over night at the town hotel, though several claimants have unsuccessfully tried to wrest this honor from the family. One of the towels used by the Prince of Wales at that time has been preserved as an heirloom and was among the most prized of the wedding gifts of the bride. Grandma Du Funny would only part with this priceless treasure upon the sacred promise of the bride that it would be preserved and handed down with its history to succeeding generations.

Miss Buster wore the priceless laces of the family, which have been handed down from one

generation to another, and it is worth mentioning the fact that her wedding gown did similar duty for both her mother and her grandmother.

The mother of the groom wore cloth of gold, with regulation court train, her hair adorned with court feathers, giving the scene a truly regal effect, so admired by the guests. Her late husband will be recalled as a waiter, who died leaving a magnificent life insurance which enabled his dashing widow to gain the entree to the most aristocratic and exclusive social circles of Porkopolis.

The choicest viands of the season were served to the wedding guests in the banquet hall, the family silver displayed for the first time in years, the Busters having a very decided objection to anything that at all resembles ostentatious display. The quaint old silver is worth a king's ransom and came down from the paternal grandfather of the bride, who kept a livery stable away back in the days of '49. The Buster crest engraved on the plate is almost worn away with time, as the silver was once used on every occasion by the Busters, the family having lived in the rear end of the stable and being so accustomed to gold plate that it probably never dawned upon them to treasure it more carefully for the rising generation.

The bride inherits oceans of culture and high artistic temperament from her ancestors, and the lucky groom was heartily congratulated upon the prize he has plucked from the matrimonial tree.

The Busters, of course, are among the oldest settlers in this part of the country, Mr. Buster having amassed his fortune within recent years. In his youth he drove the first garbage wagon to make its appearance in the city, and it was in this wagon that the Busters made their wedding journey. Mrs. Buster will be remembered as having been the forelady in the first hand laundry of the town, and it is whispered that she would permit no other hands than her own to press out the wrinkles of the gorgeous wedding gown worn by her daughter today, it quite naturally needing more or less renovating after having been packed away in camphor since her own marriage.

The bride and groom will tour England on their honeymoon, and it is hoped that by exhibiting the towel once used by Prince Albert, with the story of its preservation all these years, the Nuttys will gain an audience at the Court. If not, Mr. Buster says he will see that the happy pair are properly presented, no matter what the cost, and those who know the old war horse of the west, know that this means that society will be edified the coming season with talks on "How I knelt at the feet of the Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Alexandra's Maid" by the bride, and "How I tied the shoe laces of the Duc De Nobody," by the groom.

Porkopolis is to be congratulated upon the fact that the Busters remained in our midst and honored the city and state by their august presence. It is not too much to expect, that, after the bride and groom have been presented to the King and

Queen of England, they may induce some titled gentleman to visit our shores, accept the hospitality of the Busters and look over our stock of marriageable heiresses.

Porkopolis is worthy a place in the world, and there is no need for the heiresses of the east to monopolize the titled blood of Europe.

We would suggest to the newly-wedded pair, however, that as a matter of business enterprise, they make it known at the Court that in Porkopolis the rule "First come, first served," is ever in operation, and that little hint should be sufficient to the exquisite specimens of the noble houses of Europe, who might avail themselves of our maganimous offer. Knowing the parents of the heiresses of Porkopolis as we do, we venture to assert that when it comes to terms and concessions, they will not be outdone or out-bid by any people on earth, not even by the wealthy people of the east, whose ancestry cannot compare with the society leaders of Porkopolis.

In short, if any titled bloods come this way, Porkopolis will be able to make a good bargain with them, having the goods and the cash, the former noted for quality and the latter for quantity. Again we say to the Nuttys, let Europe know that Porkopolis is on the map, and the rest will be easy. Then will the Star of Empire be truthfully said to point our way, and the metropolitan cities of the east be compelled to look well to their laurels, for nothing has ever yet been known to get away from the mothers of marriageable daughters of Porkopolis.

CHAPTER XVII.

COD FISH ARISTOCRACY.



HE society slush artists of the daily press of the country have been working overtime lately, retailing the gossip anent the approaching wedding of the daughter of "Our Ambassador" to London town, and flaming type has been called into play, that he who runs may read that the Chapel Royal of the English King is to be desecrated by the presence of a few—a very few—plain American citizens, when that temple of ancient history is placed at the disposal of the millionaire representative of America who has made his country a laughing stock throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"Very rarely," we are told, "are other than royal marriages solemnized in this Chapel Royal," and the placing of the Chapel by the King, at the disposal of the Ambassador, is "tantamount to a command." Harken to the cry—the "command" of the King to a free born citizen of the greatest and most glorious Republic of civilization!

"Since the Chapel holds but one hundred people" we are told, "the invited guests will be limited to the royal family, a few titled nobodies, a millionaire or two from America, and, of course, the family of the bride." According to the express wishes of

the groom, the wedding will be "charmingly english in tone," and the only satisfaction gleaned from that encouraging piece of news is the thought that the marriage may save America from a return engagement of the apes of royalty.

The convenience of the King must govern the date of the wedding, the news flashes across the ocean, so the bride is not yet certain when she will marry into the British nobility of London, and perchance, the financial considerations have not yet been concluded!

The American Ambassador at London has long since adopted the fad of wearing the Windsor uniform, and his attaches wear court dress; self respecting Americans visiting London would no more think of calling at the American Embassy than they would of kneeling at the feet of polluted royalty, but it is the Mecca of the divorce colony and of the American New Rich who esteem it an inestimable privilege to tie the latches of the shoes of the near-nobility, or to be permitted to peer through the cracks in the back fence of the London residence of an American unworthy the name!

After the slush squad exhaust themselves upon the London degenerates of America, they turn their attention to the "aristocracy" at home, and inform a waiting world that "Princess Alice"—a plebeian whose father, by grace of the people of the Nation, temporarily holds the Presidential Chair—appeared as a decolette leader, her gown cut extremely low, made of flaming red material and entirely sleeveless! The "Princess" we are told,

divided honors with a troupe of players, by reason of the loud costume, and forthwith, every fool of fickle fashion proceeds to search the marts of the world for other red gowns, cut lower if it were possible, and appealing more directly to the perverted tastes of the fashion freaks who hold the fort at the National Capital.

Not long since, readers of the daily papers were informed that the Roman Pontiff had blessed at least several times the clothing to be worn by a young scion of royalty; that the services of several men were required to carry the Holy Water necessary for the baptism of the infant, and that there were at least two godfathers, their titles long enough to break the jaw bone of a Missouri mule! There were also "superior" clergy in the procession, according to the press dispatches, and a lot of similar tommy-rot was added, just to give spice to the thing.

To one imbued with a spirit of democracy, with no leaning toward an aristocracy in this or in any other country, the gush of the American press is past all human understanding. The souls of emperors and cobblers are cast in the same mould, but the decaying nobility of Europe is not fit to be mentioned in the presence of the honest cobbler.

The press of America forgot to mention the fact that in the Catholic Church, there is but one ceremonial for Baptism, and that the heir to the throne of Spain was baptized in exactly the same manner as was little Johnnie Jones out in the plains of Kansas. There may have been more flowers in

the Chapel in Spain, more music, more handsomely gowned women and more display of gold lace, but the services of the Catholic Church, the same to-day and forever, added no new frills to any of its dogmas to suit the occasion.

This talk about royalty and enlarging upon its greatness is all rot, and disgusting to a free born people, but enjoyed to the utmost by the constantly increasing number who love to ape royalty and who are interested in the number of tucks in the christening robe of a princeling. It is only necessary to read the "Society Columns" of the average daily to realize the effort of "society" to follow in the footsteps of a foreign aristocracy, and to understand the full meaning of the words: "What fools we mortals be!"

It is not long since a recent bride of London, furnished an article to the press, sub rosa, of course, to the effect that when Henry VIII quarreled with the pope and began despoiling the monasteries, an ancestor of the bride, with a shrewd eye to his own welfare, sided with the merry monarch against the abbot of one of the finest monasteries in England; the king hanged the abbot and rewarded the steward with a fat slice of the monastic lands and the title deeds to the Manor in Somershire. The property has since remained in that "royal" family and thus they boast the source of their riches.

Mrs. John New Rich, for instance, who was born of honest parents and brought up on a farm, the memory of which should fill her after years with joy, opens her new home in town, which she

christens "Dippy Hall," or "Earl's Rest," or "Shoddy Castle," and refuses to descend to a street and number like the "common people"; they may guess where the "estate" is situated, but are quite apt to remember that the early married life of Mrs. New Rich, before wealth had sullied the gold of her character, was spent as a cook in a lumber camp, and it only requires half an eye to note the coarse features of the victim of Fashion's whims, but the more accentuated by the enameling process by which the finger of time is fondly believed to be kept at a standstill!

Not content to besmirch their own fair names by aping an aristocracy which was driven from America at the point of the bayonet in the good old days of the Revolution, fashionable women of America put their own flesh and blood upon the auction block, and every dissolute son of a faded title is permitted to cast his lecherous gaze, name his price, and the bidding goes on in deadly earnest. Such women sell their very souls for the smiles of Dame Fashion, and plunge themselves into the whirlpool, that their teas and their receptions may be the talk of the elite and the butt of the ridicule of the intelligent. Fools of Fashion themselves, how can they be spared the spectacle of seeing their own sons and daughters develop into society idiots? The mother raised in poverty, who in affluence, loses her head, is sure to be emulated by the daughter, only the daughter will be lower in the scale than the mother, for there is the training of that home of her youth to

hold the mother in check, at least after a fashion.

Just the other day, the son of a fashionable mother was sent home from the High School of this city, and instructed by the principal to change his clothes before again presenting himself in the class room. His raiment was like unto that of Solomon, his hair had probably been curled and his face massaged and powdered by his fond mother before this youth of twenty started out for the arduous labors of the school room.

When the lad in question approached the High School, his fellow students sighted him from afar. With the trousers he wore, he could have been seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Made of the daintiest and softest material, as befitted the powder-puff son of a fashionable mother, the trousers boasted stripes of baby blue, each stripe at least an inch apart from its fellow. The dark blue "cuffs" of the trousers were in striking contrast to the upper works of the garment, as the designer intended, and the trousers stopped short about five inches above the shoe tops. Between the trousers and the shoes was a more or less symmetrical expanse of open-work white hose, the shoes fastened with a huge silver buckle!

In addition to these articles of nether apparel, the lad wore a blue serge coat, fastened at the bottom button, a baby blue shirt, a pale green tie, his collar fastened with gold safety pins, studded with pearls! The smallest hat that could be obtained, probably with an eye to having it harmon-

ize with his brain, completed the costume. As the Beau Brummel approached the school, the boys and girls stood at attention and saluted the trousers. The principal of the school soon appeared and learned the cause of the commotion. He was equal to the emergency, and taking the student by the collar, turned him around, inspected him fore and aft, and then said: "You cannot remain here with those things; go home and change your clothes!"

At another school in the city, the fashionable boys of the graduating class appeared recently, wearing knee trousers, and the society girls wearing their hair as did the wild women of savage countries before the wand of civilization had touched them!

These instances are not overdrawn, but are matters of current comment in the city; the fools of fashion are bringing Young America down to their own level, and it is no difficult task to imagine what brave scholars these sons and daughters will prove themselves, and upon what manner of men and women the America of the future must rely, unless this thing shall cease.

The shades of Thomas Jefferson and the shadow of our Forefathers! Whither are we drifting, in this boasted land of the free, with its sickening fawning after wealth and with its yellow press, with the impudence to suggest to the people of a republic the type of man most suitable as a successor, and whose candidacy is sanctioned by the present occupant of the White House!

Unless the people—the rank and file of the people—awaken to the seriousness of present conditions, it will not be long before some one suggests an Order of the Garter, for instance, for the son of the Ash Peddler of Today, when he commands his millions and loses his sense, Tomorrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOMAN'S CLUBS.



THE twentieth century will surely go down into history as the age of clubs, with the woman's clubs prominently to the front. No well-regulated neighborhood in this enlightened age but has its club, its circle within the circle and its club woman to whom the neighbor's children look up with a feeling strangely akin to awe. The woman who brings home the family washing has her club; the housewife has her's; the society woman soars around in her select club circle; the literary woman fairly bubbles over with enthusiasm for her own particular club, around whose portals the goddess of wisdom is supposed to stand with an upturned cornucopia. Then there is the dancing club, the dining club, the beauty club, and last, but most decidedly not least, the card club. At stated intervals the members entertain one another with chocolate and cake, retailing the gossip of the neighborhood at very regular intervals, and discussing the latest bit of sensationalism from every possible point of view.

This is fin de siecle culture, if you please, and the more one talks, regardless of her knowledge of the subject in hand, the more pronounced a success is she, in the sphere of woman's clubdom.

I have in mind a certain Art Club that meets regularly at the Public Library of a western city. A very amiable little woman who thinks she has mastered art in all its branches, was delivering a very wordy lecture on two distinct specimens of art. In some unaccountable manner, a stray man attended a meeting; no one paid particular attention to him, and whether like Topsy, he "just happened," or whether he was the property of some one of the club members—well the club women were too busy listening, to give the poor fellow even a passing thought. Suddenly, the man startled the assemblage by interrupting the intellectual and artistic speaker, to ask a question.

"I am interested in art," said the man, "and I would like to know what is the difference between the two pictures hanging in this room. You have been telling us about the two different schools; will you please tell me to which school the picture on the right belongs?"

Silence encompassed the club members, and the speaker was nonplussed for the moment, and, as the man who hesitates is lost—likewise the woman. After a painful silence the lecturer said: "Well, one picture is more realistic than the other." And she calmly proceeded to conclude her dissertation on art, leaving the man alone with his thoughts. I have never been able to learn whether that man was a humorist in disguise or whether he really expected to learn something of art at a meeting of the woman's club. I only know this

much, that the particular woman in question then and there lost her reputation as an art critic. Had she been equal to the occasion and said anything, even had she spoken in French or Italian, or had she declared the alleged painting a chromo, it might have passed muster, but silence from the speaker at a woman's club—the very idea foretells disaster!

The mother's clubs are composed mostly of women who have no children of their own, and, consequently, have plenty of time to devise theories for the correct up-bringing of the children of other people. The art clubs are filled with people who would not know a Corot from an almanac scrap; the press clubs are composed mainly of women who never go further than the want advertising department of a newspaper; the cooking clubs are the fads of women who would not deign to soil their hands by coming in contact with the kitchen utensils, and the Browning clubs are usually made up of women whose literary tastes do not lead them beyond the death notice and the wedding announcement of the daily press, but in whom a sentimental streak has been well developed.

Recently I boldly ventured into a little church in Kansas, where the Kansas Federation of Women's Clubs was holding its annual meeting, determined to beard the lioness in her den. The opening session was auspicious, and soon took on the aspect of a mutual admiration society, the various cliques hobnobbing together, and expressing their various opinions of those without the pale of the

circle. A great hush came over the audience as the wife of the chancellor of the State University ascended the platform to deliver an address of welcome to the visiting delegates. The lady spoke of the woman's culture movement, and claimed for Kansas, the honor of laying the foundation for the club work of women, an honor, of which I trust dear old fighting Kansas may prove an alibi. Another woman told all she knew, and a little that she did not know, about the great leaders in the woman's reform movement, and gave out the information that the Western woman, wherever she goes, carries with her a notebook, that she may jot down her ideas of progress and carry them back with her to her people—the male element, the remarks of the lady would lead me to conclude, being still in a state of savagery. The President of the Federation told all she knew about the culture of the women of her set and her club, and the meeting adjourned.

In the evening the literary and musical culture of the women was promised for the entertainment of the delegates, and several musical selections were played at, just as they have been since time began, at commencement exercises, although in this case the performers had long since passed the milestone of the commencement stage, and their efforts were therefore, the less forgivable. The literary program consisted mostly of an exhaustive and exhausting treatise on the dramatists of the nineteenth century, an explanation of the wonder-

ful promise of the college maiden, and "Are We Fiction Mad?" closed the operation.

The next meeting was not so harmonious. Two women pined for the Presidency of the Federation, and when the candidates were announced, the hair pulling began in desperate earnest. The chancellor's wife, the same woman who welcomed the delegates and spoke of the culture of club women in general and of these particular club women in particular, was one of the candidates, and a demure lady from a small town in Kansas was the other. The two women had their factions, but the wife of the chancellor had her opponent beaten to a standstill, having nearly two hundred new culture members enrolled, each with a vote attached, although they seemed at a loss to explain which particular culture club they represented. They might have been termed delegates-at-large and the only necessary qualification for a vote was the payment of a dollar into the general fund. None of the women stopped to think what was to be done with this fund, but the culture women of the town wherein the convention was held, went out into the highways and the byways, gathered in the women, each one of whom produced a shining silver dollar and demanded the right to vote.

The friends of the other candidate protested, and the words of welcome melted in the heat of the discussion, while women hissed one another, cried "For shame," and used other phrases used by polite culture women, perhaps, but too harsh to

be reproduced in print. In a short time the wife of the chancellor was carried out of the building in a faint, not however, before she had declared that she was "an honorable lady," albeit a culture club member, and withdrew her name from the whole miserable political business.

The dainty lady from the little town in Kansas shed a few tears, shouted that she didn't care two figs where those horrid women came from, they were not ladies, and when a friend of the collapsed candidate arose to speak, she was greeted with a storm of hisses. But the lady was from Kansas, and was not to be thwarted. "I am not afraid of any woman on earth," she shouted above the general din, "and I lift my voice to protest against the questionable methods of the present situation." There were no takers to her challenge, and she was allowed to leave the building in one piece.

A doctress of Kansas came to the rescue of the culture women, and called upon one another to apologize. The candidate for the presidency who still maintained her ground, controlled her emotion long enough to say that she was "a perfectly honorable lady, and intended to make a perfectly honorable race for the plum, but in the name of womanhood"—club womanhood, she probably should have said—"I withdraw. I am the saddest woman in Kansas," she concluded, and then came the deluge.

A dark horse then galloped into the ring, gained the election and the storm blew over.

Succeeding meetings were devoted to a discussion

of the pure food laws, and as most of the members seemed to be interested in canned foods, the discussion naturally drifted into an analysis of the various canned products, and the convenience of each particular brand for a hurry-up meal. A dry goods firm offered a free lunch to the delegates, and the invitation was accepted without a dissenting vote, and thus ended the annual meeting of the organization which professes to control the culture of the women of Kansas!

These misguided women journeyed from various quarters of the state and were consumed with ardor for the cause of woman's clubdom; they expected to show Mere Man and a few behind-the-times-women, what real culture was with the label blown in the bottle. Instead, they broke up in a row that would do credit to a meeting of barmaids, and used language not often heard in polite society, where the culture germ has not yet got in its finest work. One faction of the women hoped to elect their candidate by working in a batch of new members on the dollar a vote proposition, and the other women objected; then the would-be voters demanded the return of their dollars, and war ensued when they discovered that the nimble dollars had been swallowed up in the sinking fund, and had sunk so far below sea level that there was no earthly hope of a return to terra firma.

When they were not quarreling, these women discussed the attributes of the dramatists of the

nineteenth century, endeavored to determine whether or not the women of the culture clubs were "fiction mad," and then took a guess at whether or not the divorce problem was of interest to the women of Mars.

About the only sensible thing said at the meeting was that "we believe that the mother heart and instinct will care for itself," and in this I heartily concur. The mother heart needs no culture club to teach the sphere in life most suitable to her, and her instinct usually steers her clear of the culture clubs, even had she the time or the temptation. A feminine Solomon made that announcement about the mother heart, but I afterwards learned that the children of her home town fled in terror at her approach, least they might be compelled to listen to an impromptu lecture on the beauties of the home favorite brand of pug dog.

I do not agree with the woman who proclaimed that the western woman "carries her note book and jots down her ideas of progress, and carries them back to her people." I believe that the western woman has brains enough to enable her to retain her ideas without the aid of a notebook, although I am speaking solely of the women beyond the pale of woman's clubs. I do not believe that the western people are in need of these ideas of progress being carried to them by their women kind, and I am bold enough to make this assertion, even though I have never ventured into the wilderness of Wichita.

I do not believe that the women of the culture

clubs have learned the first lessons in politeness, and I judge them solely by their war dance, as given in the little Presbyterian Church in that Kansas town. I doubt that they know much about art, am certain that they know precious little about home life, and I commend my critics to the Kansas Federation of Woman's Clubs, its members so full of culture that they cry "Rotten" when one of their members dares to disagree with the general consensus of opinion!

One day recently a woman walked into a public library and said to the attendant: "I would like to see something on child labor; just a general summing up of the question; I do not want to go into the matter very deeply as I simply want material for an article on the subject, which I will read at the club to-morrow." It was then four o'clock, and the busy woman was ready to skim over the magazine articles on the subject, make a mental note of the conclusions reached, and pass the thing off as a treatise on child labor at her pet club!

Such requests are so frequent that the attendants at the library have such subjects ready for hurried inspection in order that the reading rooms may not be crowded with seekers after skim milk knowledge. The women, as a rule, seldom think of delving deep into any subject, or getting their information at first hand by a course of reading. What is the use, when the library usually has papers prepared at great time and labor, by expert writers on the subject in hand, these papers read

by club women only, as the needs of the moment may demand? What matter if they mis-state facts; who among the members is able to contradict or refute them? Perhaps not one in a hundred, because forsooth, the woman who has the time for deep study has not the time to waste at the afternoon sessions of the Mutual Admiration Societies.

When a club woman is seeking knowledge on child labor, for instance, she never thinks of walking through the department stores or the shops of the town, studying the listless faces of the children turned into machines ere youth has touched them, their faces an eloquent plea against child labor. Such close inspection of the subject might grate on her nerves, and besides, the man who wrote that beautiful article on child labor in Mexico, used much finer phrases than could be commanded by the novice. Distance always did lend enchantment to the view, and it is fair to presume, always will, and so the paper is read, the matter discussed, and there the thing ends, as far as that particular club is concerned. The subject announced for the next meeting is probably "researches into the lives and habits of the people of Asia Minor," and the thing is topped off with chocolate and cake, and labelled progress.

In watching the growth of clubdom among the women, the conclusion has been reached that the female clubs are useless and worse, disturbers and

the cause of much internal wrangling and jealousy. For the men's clubs there is at least this much to be said: The members go in for a good time, no hours are spent in useless research, and about the only thing of interest to the members is how and when and where to get the most possible out of life and living; and no meeting of a club of men was ever mistaken for a funeral, or for a tug of war, or for a tear-shedding contest. No woman will admit that her particular club is maintained for pleasure; study is the correct word, and the more of that atmosphere that can be worked into the club, the more successful it becomes, and the more cultured its membership.

It is not alone the clubs for the betterment of mankind and for the alleviation of all the ills to which human flesh is heir, that have been declared a nuisance; the card club and the helping hand club are equally useless and laughable. The card players discuss the neighborhood gossip, while the different cliques figure up the probable cost of the bric-a-brac offered as a prize by Mrs. A, and compare it with the prize won by that lady from Mrs. C, usually voting the latter worth at least ten cents more than the return compliment.

There is this to be said for the card club, however. The members can play cards, and they have mastered all the tricks of the game. They play cards in the morning, in the afternoon and in the evening, and it will not be long, if the card craze increases, before the department stores will furnish well-

equipped card rooms, along with the telephones and the rest rooms, for the convenience of their patrons.

The sewing circles make red flannel shirts for the heathens of South Africa, the helping hand ladies prepare chocolate eclairs for the Smith family, stranded on a troubled sea of adversity, and when the election of officers comes around, wires are pulled in a manner that would put to shame the most successful ward heeler of other days.

Let the women, in the name of common sense, forget the child labor problem as it confronts the residents of China; let them forget about their down-trodden sisters on the Nile; let them cease to worry about the inhabitants of the unknown zone, and let them remember that little Johnnie's trousers are crying out in despair for the addition of a few buttons; that Mary's bobbed locks are woefully tangled; and that charity not only begins at home, but stays there, when the exigencies of the occasion so demand. Let the hand of fellowship be given to the woman in distress at our doors, and let there be less talk and more action, more sense and less hysteria, and the women of America will have no need to worry over whether Jane Smith or Melissa Jones can poll a larger vote, when the annual election of the Easy Goer's Club is announced.

At the risk of being ostracised, I venture to suggest the opinion that the woman's clubs are a decided nuisance, and that no one of them ever

accomplished any good, or continued in one direction long enough to reach any definite conclusion.

Living in an age of clubs, I crave no more eloquent inscription upon my tombstone than this:

“Here’s lies a woman who never joined a club.”

CHAPTER XIX.

A MEMORY.



ONE bright spring morning, as I watched the storm shadows play over the hills of Virginia and Maryland, hills tinted with many colored hues of autumn, my thoughts turned backward to my first visit to Mt. Vernon, and I wondered if it was a sign that I was growing old. Ah well, if to dream over again the delights of the past is growing old, I am willing that it should be so.

I remember how each new point of interest filled me with a charm that deepens and becomes still more fascinating now that I recall it. Behind me the buildings of the Capital, midway between, the tall form of the Washington monument, which, like a shaft of light seems to penetrate the very blue of heaven. Then the quaint old town of Alexandria, with its straggling streets and rotting wharfs, recalling the days when Washington was one of its most prominent citizens. I see plainly above me the tree tops of Christ Church, where he worshipped, and one corner of the old market where tradition tells us he came to blows with an irate countryman, and came out second best, an incident, whether true or false, I like to think is true, as it shows the human side of the Father of his Country. Too often he is painted with the

halo of a saint, for great and good as he was, I like to think of him as having a few failings like other mortals. Then on past the old churchyard at St. Paul where the unknown lady sleeps as secure in mystery to-day as when she found her last resting-place in the beginning of this century.

But I am forgetting the spots—Fort Foote, Fort Washington, and here and there a bend in the river brings us into full view of the home in life as well as in death, of our first president. How queerly it crowns the hilltop—no wonder he loved it!

It seems to me that the sun always shines here, for I have never seen it any other way, and it was just such a perfect day as this that I first wandered up this old foot-worn path to the new tomb, new though nearly eighty years have passed since the iron gates were closed and the key thrown into the Potomac, that it might never be opened again until the last call of the Angel Gabriel.

All day I wandered in and about the rooms, read and re-read the inscriptions on each article, and gazed on the key of the Bastille, presented by Lafayette. Each room seemed to tell the story of days and of people that came and went when our nation was young. How rapidly the hours flew by; I heard the bell ring for the last boat, but it seemed so far away that I gave it no heed till the gathering gloom told of approaching night, when I noticed that I alone, of all the visitors, remained.

"Is there no way by which I can reach Washington?" I asked an old negro.

"Not any moh to-night, honey," he replied.

"Well, is there any place I can stay?" I questioned.

"Not unless you stop with colored folks," he answered.

"Well, that is good enough for me, if I may go with you," and I looked at his black shiny face, so full of the memory of the old slave days.

"Mighty poor pickin' you get with me, honey, but you can have hoe cake at the cabin, if you care to come."

Gladly I followed the old ebony face as with tottering steps he trudged down a lane to a hollow in the hills, where at the end of a road we stopped before an open cabin door. All about it, a tangled growth of vines, with here and there a yellow gourd gleaming in the light. Within, everything was spotless, the broad open fireplace with its cheery fire sparkling with warmth and brightness, while the odor of freshly cooked bacon and golden corn cake bespoke a generous welcome.

Uncle, for such I had taken the liberty to call him, called out: "Dinah, Dinah, we's got company dis eben."

There was an extra plate put on the table, and I was soon enjoying a splendid homely supper, spiced with many excuses and regrets because of its quality.

"Neber mind," said Uncle, "we have chicken for breakfast," and I imagined that I saw his own lips take on an extra thickness in anticipation of the delicacy.

After supper, we stood around the fire, and I listened to ghost stories of the old plantation and slavery days, until the woolly heads began to nod, tired out with the day's toil; then I was shown a ladder made of wooden pins driven into logs. These brought me to a snug place in the garret, and a bed all glorious in a quilt of as many colors as Joseph's coat. Through the boards that covered the roof I could see the glimpse of stars, and from below came the chirp-chirp of the cricket, while outside the whip-poor-will called to his mate.

Dreams, more splendid than those of the Arabian Nights, filled my slumber, and all too soon there came the rich, warm-hearted voice of Old Uncle, calling me to get up and "enjoy that chicken I done cotch this morning before it was light."

Shall I ever forget it, cooked, old Auntie said, "in Maryland style," as she forced me again and again to try another piece.

To-day I walk over the same old grounds, wander through the same historic rooms, out again and down the old path to find—the cabin in ruins, the roof tumbled in, and through the empty door I catch a glimpse of darkened fireplace, but the faces of old Uncle and Auntie have passed away forever. They have answered the angel's call and their humble graves mark the hillside.

As I sadly gaze upon the green mounds, I wonder if, after all, it is not worth something to sleep, not for one night but for all eternity, at Mount Vernon.

CHAPTER XX.

THE KNIGHTS AT CACTUS LANDING.



THE local Knights of Columbus assembled last Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, to do honor to the memory of their patron. The program was brief and tamely carried out, and consisted mainly of a speech by the lecturer entitled "Why I am It." The meeting was held in the school house, behind closed doors, and the janitor held his hat over a broken window in order to hold in the secrets of the privy council. The minutes of the preceeding meeting were read, but as no one was paying attention to the reading, the minutes stood approved as read.

The first business on hand was to take some coal dust out of the stove pipe, immediately over the head of the chairman of the meeting.

The chairman was called upon for a speech, but owing to the fact that he has been unusually busy getting in the winter's wood, he was unprepared and declined to orate, for which he was given a rising vote of thanks. Thus encouraged, he made a few extempore remarks and started to read an editorial from the *Wichita Dazzler*, but he had not proceeded far when a fellow in the rear of the house rose as one man and asked the reader if he took

the assemblage for walking unabridged dictionaries. Being sustained in his objection by the house, the objector insisted that the chairman forego reading and resume the chair.

The chairman, having caused his coat tails to dissolve partnership, was, as he thought, about to resume his chair, which he undoubtedly would have done had not a fellow Knight been holding it down back of the stove.

During the meeting the following resolutions were passed:

“Resolved, that we, the members of Council 23 of the Knights of Columbus, resolve to thank sincerely our patron, Christopher Columbus, for his gallant act in changing the name of Dona Felipa de Perestrello to Mrs. Columbus.

Resolved, furthermore and hereafter, that we do not hold Christopher Columbus responsible for the unpronounceable names of islands discovered by other navigators; be it also

Resolved, that we hold Christopher Columbus to be the greatest man since Shakespeare.”

The weather and other interesting topics were discussed and timely and appropriate views of the occasion were feelingly expressed. The most impressive view presented before the house, however, was from Knight Murphy when he missed the cuspidor.

When the meeting was in full blast a motion was made to admit the Daughters of Isabella as an annex. Just then a member arose and addressed the chair. Another member was on his

feet in an instant, and asked if the motion of adjournment was in order.

The chairman responded "It is," whereby the motion was made and immediately seconded by seven members.

The meeting then adjourned sine die, with the understanding that the next regular meeting would not be held in the school house.

PATRICK UEBERSTEIN,
Secretary and Chairman of Committee.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DREAM.



VOLUME from the pen of a rector of an anglican church in the east has recently made its appearance, in which the author tries to convince a waiting world that freedom of conscience under the Barons of Baltimore was a delusion and an ungodly snare, the master piece of modern fiction dedicated to the members of his congregation. The most exquisite thing about the volume is the hyphenated name of the anglican churchman; it falls like sweet music on the ear, and is best pronounced with a delightful lisp, which brings up memories of delicious fudge and toasted marshmallows! If the little fellow only resembles his name, even to the smallest degree, what a work of art he must be, and how quaintly beautiful!

Almost the first paragraph of the author's work reminds the reader of the overwhelming debt of gratitude due the scribe by his fellow churchmen, for his literary ability and for the depth of that superior wisdom which enabled him to penetrate into the darkness of Catholicism, and wrest from her brow the laurels placed upon her in history, and in the Faith of Our Fathers, as written by Cardinal Gibbons.

The hyphenated literator relates the tale of a wayfarer, who was overtaken at nightfall in an ancient monastery, bearing in his possession a copy of the Testament. The ungodly monks, stealthily and with the inky darkness of night to conceal their movements, stifled the stranger within their gates, and stole the precious document, intending to use it to light the fire in the morning, but the angel guardian of the wayfarer guided him to the monastery kitchen where he rescued the manuscript, and thus saved it to posterity.

In the same manner, the anglican churchman relates, a descendant of the Calvert's of Baltimore, secreted documents of the highest historical importance, and placing them in a chest, gave them to a gardener to bury in the grounds of the country seat of the family, that the dark deeds of Catholicism might forever be hidden from the eye of man. The dear little hyphenated rector is on a still hunt for these papers, and hopes yet to be the angel guardian who will discover their hiding place, and thereby drive the Roman Catholics to cover. He does not explain however, why that worthy descendant of the Calvert's did not burn the documents, instead of trusting their evidence to the bowels of the earth, but that oversight he would probably have explained, had he thought of it, with the theory that it is written that the best laid plans of mice and men oft go astray, or that murder, sooner or later, is bound to reveal itself. Meantime, he breathlessly awaits the discovery of the hidden treasure!

Regardless of the words of Cardinal Gibbons,

of George W. Childs, of John Greenleaf Whittier and of Benj. F. Butler, no one of whom was ever known to talk so much and say so little as the anglican churchman, who fain would set history aside to prove his claims, we are told that the Catholic Church had no more to do with the establishment of freedom of conscience in Maryland than had the Grand Llama of Thibet or the Mikado of Japan! What a contrast are the opinions of the historians to that of the critic who bobs up like a mushroom over night, in defense of the Church of England.

"It is," said Cardinal Gibbons, "with no small degree of satisfaction that I point to the State of Maryland as the cradle of civil and religious liberty, and the land of the sanctuary. Of the thirteen original American colonies, Maryland was the only one that was settled by Catholics. She was also the only one that spread aloft over her fair lands the banner of liberty of conscience, and that invited the oppressed of other colonies to seek an asylum beneath its shadow."

George W. Childs, writing on the same subject, says: "Calvert and his companions should be at least as widely renowned as the New England pilgrims, for their Maryland colony was freer than Massachusetts Bay. When Calvert planted Maryland, his infant State stood first and far in advance of all the world. It was built upon the immutable principles of human freedom—the honest heritage of all men, just law, equality before the law, no restraint upon the conscience, no disability on

account of religious faith, and absolute self government."

"Maryland," says John Greenleaf Whittier, "has reason to be proud of Calvert and her first emigrants who built up their State on the sure foundation of religious freedom."

Benjamin F. Butler says: "No character in our colonial history has, in my maturer years, more attracted my admiration than that of Lord Baltimore. With far-reaching sagacity, and outgrowing the general intelligence of his time, he was broad-minded enough to establish for the first time in America, a colony accompanied by absolute religious toleration."

The anglican churchman, with the cream puff cognomen, resents these truisms, and proudly asserts that "not even the great Church of England believed in religious toleration in those days; the world was not ready for such broad dogma, and it was considered the business of the various governments to prescribe a religion for its subjects."

As the full force of that statement dawns upon us, we cannot refrain from thinking that the anglican rector or one of his ancestors must surely have been that other famous man of history, of whom the multitude stood in awe:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

The author of this latest treatise on made-to-order history asserts, between deliciously feminine sobs, that "a traditional belief in its great services

to humanity has wrought the Roman Church lasting good, and probably nowhere else in the world is she more kindly thought of than she is in Maryland," even in the city where the gentleman shines as rector of a fashionable anglican congregation. All this should not be, and it "is a very remarkable evidence of anglican fair mindedness," he asserts, "that the anglican people (there evidently are no others in his estimation) permit this thing to go on unchecked, until the very myth will by reason of its age, be eventually taken for Gospel truth."

While he was thus musing, the rector tells us, like David, the fire kindled and before he knew it, he was speaking with his tongue—most decidedly with his tongue, and he puts considerable emphasis on that fact.

The anglican rector begs to remind his readers that history is no evidence at all; even Bancroft made the unforgivable error of relating as facts these myths about the Roman Catholics in Maryland. He calls loudly upon the school boards of America to remove the American Histories from the schools, and gently hints that his volume might be the proper successor to histories like Bancroft's, for instance, wherein the historian says:

"Calvert was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty

of conscience. * * * Himself a Papist, he wanted not charity towards Protestants."

Calvert could not possibly have been possessed of very deep spiritual feeling anyway, says the learned anglican, for politicians are very rarely men of markedly devout minds, or of strongly formed religious habits, and "this particular politician was no better than his class."

Wherefore, let it be written, that all men are liars—save the anglican rector.

And what in the world is the use of talking about Maryland anyway, quoth the anglican, when Newfoundland has the glorious heritage, for the first Christian service in the New World was that of the Anglican Church, when the prayers of the clergy of Henry the Eighth were offered up on that soil for that country. Which probably accounts for the fact that it is about a million miles or two in point of progress, behind this ever glorious land of the free and home of even the precious anglican rector, even though he may not have as yet gone through the little formality of naturalization!

"It is quite true that persecuting laws were upon the statute books of England," says the rector, "which rendered the Roman Catholics at any moment liable to persecution and imprisonment, but for the matter of that, they are there still. A law of Edward I or Henry VIII may at this moment be pleaded in Court with as much authority as a law under Queen Victoria."

All the religious orders in England are liable to

summary expulsion at any moment, he tells us, as they remain there by the grace of the reigning power, and not with the consent. How beneficent the English Government to permit them to remain in dear old England!

The author takes issue with the assertion of Cardinal Gibbons that the "Church of England acknowledges the reigning sovereign as its spiritual head," and insists that the reigning sovereign is also the spiritual head of the Roman Catholics. Which is all well enough perhaps, as long as King Edward proposes to keep that startling information to himself, and not let it be noised about the land.

"Death had marked George Calvert for her own at an early age, and young in years, but aged before his time, he passed away. The old Church of England," says her loyal son, "with that sublime character which 'hopeth all things, endureth all things, believeth all things,' buries her children—and all baptized of English birth she reckons her children—in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, opened for the son Calvert, Roman Catholic though he professed to be, the doors of old St. Dunstan's Church, London, and in its chancel, with the honors due his rank, laid the wanderer at rest."

What a beautiful picture! What a delightful romancer the good rector must be! How the rays of the moonlight must pierce his very soul and beckon him to that dreamland of his fancy!

About the most encouraging thing that the anglican tells us is that Calvert had no noble

ancestry. His ancestral home was a farm house he tells us, and his ancestry were probably artisans. Let the glad tidings be spread east and west, that the great Lord Baltimore may have another star added to his untarnished crown of never-fading glory.

To prove that religious toleration was not permitted in Maryland by the early colonists, the anglican necromancer recites an instance of the Sacrifice of the Mass being publicly offered upon the Day of Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and a huge cross planted, while the Catholics recited in Latin the "Litanies of the Sacred Cross," though he does not give us the text of the Litany, nor does he say that the attendance at that ceremony was compulsory. Another thing that worries the rector is the fact that the priests in charge of the various exploiting parties persisted in giving the various cities, towns and hamlets, not to mention the rivers and streams, the names of Roman Catholic saints and unknown angels, the very mention of some of them being enough to develop mental and physical hysteria in the anglican rector.

The Jesuits introduced slavery into Maryland, and were monsters, according to the anglican, although Bancroft says of them: "The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America, not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way."

The poor little powder puff rector is badly

mixed in his dates; in his egotism he fondly hopes to destroy with a profusion of words, the work of the founders of his adopted state, and to consign to oblivion, the historical facts with which our American History is enriched. While we read his opinion that Leonard Calvert, second son of the First Baron of Baltimore was "a dunce and a blockhead at school," we can only marvel at the wonderful brain power of the infantile prodigy who now acts as rector of an anglican church, distorting history between times and making his fellow churchmen realize what a great blessing it must be to be saved from fool friends.

"Who was the grandfather of Calvert, but a grazier?" asks the rector, to which we reply:

"Who was the foster father of the Man of Galilee but an humble carpenter?"

There is no doubt, after reading the latest effusion of the anglican churchman, but that he is of royal birth, quite different from ordinary mortals for

" Blue blood is putrid blood;
The people's blood is red."

"*Sic gloria transit mundi*," should be added to the hyphenated name of the anglican rector who fondly imagines that his pigmy effusions have blotted out history and erased from the tablet of Time the all-enduring fact that the Roman Catholic Church proclaimed religious toleration in Maryland. Future historians may

settle the question as to whether the anglican rector was really somebody, or a plain nobody like Homer or Shakespeare, for instance, but the great State of Maryland has meanwhile, erected a monument to Calvert upon the site of St. Mary's, paying this tribute to the man whose "grandfather was a grazier!"

Leonard Calvert,
 second son of
 George Calvert,
 First Baron of Baltimore,
 and
 Anne his wife.
 Led the first colonists to Maryland
 November 22, 1633—March 3, 1634.
 Founded St. Mary's
 March 27, 1634.
 Died
 June 9, 1647.
 by his
 Wisdom, Justice and Fidelity
 he fostered
 the infancy of the colony,
 guided it through great perils
 and dying left it at peace.


The descendants and successors
 of the men he governed,
 here record
 their grateful recognition
 of
 his virtues
 November—MDCCCXC.

To
 the memory of
 Leonard Calvert
 First Governor of Maryland,
 this monument is erected
 by
 The State of Maryland.

Erected
 on the site of the
 Old Mulberry Tree
 under which the
 First Colonists of Maryland
 assembled
 to establish a government,
 where the persecuted and oppressed of
 every creed and of every clime might
 repose in peace and security, adore
 their common God, and enjoy the
 priceless blessings of
 Civil and Religious Liberty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A JACK OF ALL TRADES.

 IN a busy life which has extended over some few years," said the physician grown gray in the service of afflicted humanity, "I have met some queer characters, so queer that now and then I think I am the only one who sees their queer side.

A short time ago I was walking the streets of a small manufacturing town—streets that to me were very interesting, because they had been my playground in other days, days when I could speak to every one I met, for I knew them all; but to-day, I met not one whom I could recognize. The town itself had changed but little, but the people had grown out of my memory. Still, there was a charm about the old haunts that kept me interested and I wandered on and on till turning a corner, I saw a sign over a little shop that caused a flood of memories that almost overwhelmed me. I read it, and read it again:

"David Croft, Tinsmith, Piano Tuner and Bicycle Repairer."

The queer mixture of trades was just such as I might expect from a David Croft I once knew; so odd was he that I often thought of the Chinese saying that the gods made him, then broke the

mould. He came from whence, no one knew; built in Nature's most lavish mood, she endowed him with broad shoulders and a massive frame, of which he was justly proud. Nor did she neglect his face, for he was known as a handsome man, and there was a heart in him, as generous as the rest of his make-up. With all his natural qualities, there was a lack of culture and a certain roughness of manner and bearing that told of hard knocks which contact with the world had failed to polish.

He spoke but seldom of his past, though now and then, when in the humor, he would take down an old violin and between playing 'Nine Little Tailors,' 'Money Musk,' and other similar tunes, would spin yarn after yarn of life on the Mississippi, in the days when floating palaces plied between St. Louis and New Orleans. He could tell of wonderful races between the Natchez and the Robert E. Lee, and his knowledge of cards and games of chance led me to believe that the calling of a gambler might have once been his.

There was another trait of his character that strengthened this belief. He was wonderfully profane, yet in him, somehow, it never sounded like profanity, for through it all ran a certain strain of awe and a weird religious idea that made you ponder or smile at the quaint conceits with which he so profusely spattered his sentences.

No one seemed able to guess his age, and if asked, he would reply: 'I'll be a hundred in the spring'; but as his hair, black as the raven's wing, and an eye that sparkled with wit and good nature,

belied his words, no one took him seriously on that point.

While his contact with the world had been singularly unfortunate, for he had not a dollar in the world, he was always filled with the thought that some time he would invent or discover something in which there would be millions.

When I first knew him he had a small photograph gallery, but as the patronage of the town did not take all of his time, he experimented in a host of other things, sold organs to country churches, and frequently played the violin in a neighboring choir; painted a wagon or a carriage or mended the harness for some farmer, with now and then a patent medicine offered for sale in the window.

He entered into each new venture with the same vim and vigor of the last, and implicitly believed that this new employment would result in a fortune, but each failure brought him back to the camera and the dark room.

Once upon a time, in the dim and distant past, the story goes, a youth entered his employ, and while he taught him the mysteries of how the sun painted an image on the plate, he generously dotted his lessons with words not used in polite society.

In those days dry plates and retouching were unknown, and in order to be photographed, a man was compelled to sit behind the stove until his face was as red as a ripe cherry before he took his place before the sensitized plate.

The lad had been with him a year when one summer day Croft came in all aglow with a new idea. The pioneers of the county were to hold a celebration, and he had arranged to make a large negative of them while at dinner, and he said in his high falsetto voice:

"I'll sell every one of them a print at two dollars a-piece, and you know there will be seven hundred there!"

So for several days all was excitement and preparation. An old covered wagon was improvised as a dark room, for in those days the necessary chemicals had to be carried by the photographer. The silver bath was looked after, the collodion was freshly prepared, and the largest, clumsiest old camera, with its stationary tripod, was cleaned up and loaded on the wagon.

At last the eventful day rolled round, and what a fine day it was—the sky as clear as a bell, not a cloud to be seen. Croft was up early to arrange for the start, and his disappointment may well be imagined when he found his horse sick and unable to make the journey. He stormed and swore as no man had ever heard him swear before, then like a madman, rushed out in search of another horse, which he obtained from an obliging neighbor, and soon himself his apprentice, and all the paraphernalia were happily started.

The Old Settlers' Meeting was to be held about four miles down a road that had but few turns. The new horse was anything but a racer, and gave the occupants of the wagon plenty of time to enjoy

the beauty of the fields, the golden grain lining either side of the road, with a narrow strip of green between the stake and rider fence where the golden rod and the purple aster grew in riotous profusion. Thus they rode peacefully along, when suddenly there came the sound of a whirr over the fields, growing closer and closer, until a wasp appeared on the horizon and finally settled on the back of the lazy old horse.

There was one terrific jump, and David and his helper landed flat on their backs, over the seat and into the body of the wagon, while the horse flew down the road at a breakneck speed, the wagon dashing from side to side, causing crash after crash among the bottles and trays.

Each frantically tried to gain possession of the lines, but they had slipped over the dash board and were dangling about the flying feet of the horse. Soon came the one sharp turn in the road; with one mighty swing the horse rounded it, but over went the wagon into the rail fence, its contents an eternal wreck.

The horse, freed of his burden, dashed wildly up the hill, where his tail waved a sad farewell, before he finally disappeared from sight.

The lad crawled out from one end of the debris and looked around for David. David soon came lumbering out feet first, calling the while for his helper.

Needless to say that the silver bath had deluged David, and as he sat in the hot sun trying to collect himself and give vent to his pent-up feelings, his

shirt and linen pants, as well as his face and his hands, began to dry and turn black as ink.

The lad began to laugh—David to swear—and how artistically he did it! He sent all the pioneers, their ancestors and their descendants to a land where overcoats are not in use and then because the lad laughed, he was also included in the general condemnation. But it was the horse and the man who owned it, who came in for the most earnest and most intense expression of David's outraged feelings.

Slowly the forlorn pair gathered what was worth saving from among the ruins, and righting the wagon, took the place of the horse, one at each shaft, and started back home with the remnants. The people whom they met on the road looked at them in amazement, until David finally included them also in the list of visitors he was sending in such numbers to the realms of the fallen angels.

All things must end, and David at last reached his starting place, took a solemn oath never again to make photographs out doors, and I think kept his word.

Well, you ask: "Was it the same David Croft in the tinker's shop?"

It was. He greeted me with the same old smile, but his eye was dimmed by age, the jet black hair had grown thin and gray, and his voice was still a higher falsetto as he said:

"I will be a hundred in the spring."

CHAPTER XXIII.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.



THE truth is beginning to be sent to the press of this country with regard to the fight of the Vatican against the encroachment of France upon its religious rights. Many people who misunderstanding the situation in the beginning, were willing to side with France, are now realizing the fact that it is unworthy of republicans, or even of free thinkers, not to respect the faith of millions of their fellow-men, and liberty of worship, whether it be Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, must be respected in France as elsewhere in the civilized world. During the height of the trouble in France, the Catholic Church unlike other denominations, has seen fit to forfeit all churches, seminaries, rectories, and all its property, rather than submit to temporal interference with the affairs of the Church, and it was this firm stand that wrenched even from M. Briand, a high compliment for the Church.

In the beginning of the trouble in France the press of this country did not print the truth, because the facts had either been suppressed or falsified. This has been done in the German persecution as well as in the present French persecution. The news in the latter case has been

continually and persistently represented as a war of the pope against France, whereas in reality, it is a war of France against the Church. That there is a real and bitter persecution of the Church in France is plain to all who may study the situation; this persecution has been going on since 1879, and is carried on now as then, by an anti-Christian organization.

To understand the present persecution aright, we must look back 115 years to the time of the Reign of Terror in 1791, 1792, 1793. Then was the real beginning of the trouble that has slowly but none the less surely led up to the present crisis, which threatens to disrupt a civilized country, and which from a standpoint of justice and liberty, should appeal strongly to the liberty-loving people of the entire world, once the question is understood by them.

After the dethronement of King Louis XVI, France was ruled by revolutionary bodies; first, by the Constituent Assembly, then by the Legislative Assembly, and next by the National Convention, and all three might be grouped together, with the explanation that "A rose by any other name, etc."

After King Louis XVI had been beheaded, and thousands of people put to death, these "enlightened associations" decided that the killing was going on altogether too slowly. In order to hasten the work of extermination 40,000 guillotines or slaughter blocks were erected throughout France, and the chopping off of heads went on

merrily, until 2,000,000 people, citizens of France, had been wantonly slaughtered. Then came a government decree against Christianity, and the confiscation of all property connected with the Catholic Church, the convents, the hospitals, the asylums, the schools, the churches; the bequests and foundations for the poor and sick that had been gathered during the labors of more than a thousand years, all was seized—all save the faith of the people, and that remained inviolable only fanned to greater zeal by the murder and the plunder of the hour. The great cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris was seized with the rest, and in those dark days, religion was replaced by putting a depraved woman on the altar.

Before the close of the eighteenth century, Napoleon had seized the reins of government, and seeing that he could not rule a people without religion, he proceeded to arrange for its restoration. He accordingly sent the reformed revolutionist Cacault, to Rome, with instructions "to treat Pope Pius VII as though he had 200,000 soldiers under arms." The problem awaiting solution then was the disposition to be made of the vast amount of confiscated property rightfully belonging to the Church.

In response to the appeal of Napoleon, Pope Pius VII dispatched an emissary to Paris, under orders "to remain inflexible in matters of dogma, but to yield in every possible question of discipline, when such proved essential to the conclusion of the Concordat."

The Roman Pontiff realized that it would require another revolution to compel the plunderers to disgorge the property of the Catholic Church, and rather than have bloodshed, he was willing to sacrifice the great wealth of the Church, and to build it up once more anew. The actual basis of settlement of the famous Concordat was in the shape of an annual grant from the government for the support of the clergy. The pontiff for the sake of peace, surrendered everything, the government in turn making restitution in the shape of these annual grants to one-third the amount of the yearly income of the Church, if left in possession of its own. The late Rev. Dr. Parsons, the eminent theologian, in his "Studies of Church History," has this to say of these annual grants:

"This concession of the government was no favor; it was but a small installment of justice, since the entire amount accorded for the expenses of divine worship represented a trivial interest on the amount which the state had stolen from the Church. Hence the absurdity of styling the French clergy a salaried body. The only salaried ministers of religion in France are those of the few Protestants and Jews; for their property was not stolen by the revolution."

At the time of the acceptance of the Concordat by the Roman Pontiff, it must be borne in mind that the Church and Government were in the position of the robbed and robber, the former practically compelled to submit to the terms of settlement of the robber government which held the

booty, in the shape of millions of dollars worth of Church property, or involve the country in another disastrous war. Thus it was that the wisdom of Pope Pius VII led him to accept the lesser of two evils. The much discussed Concordat was signed on July 15, 1801, and declared that:

"The government of the French Republic recognizes the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion as the religion of the great majority of the French. His Holiness equally recognizes that the same religion has received, and now still expects, the greatest good and the greatest splendor from the restoration of the Catholic worship in France, and from its special profession by the Consuls of the Republic. Therefore, after this mutual recognition they have agreed on the following for the good of religion, and for the maintenance of internal tranquillity:

Article I. The Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion shall be freely professed in France; its cult shall be public, in conformity with such police regulation as the government may deem necessary for public tranquillity.

II. The Holy See, together with the government, will prescribe new boundaries for the French dioceses.

III. His Holiness will declare to the titulars of French bishoprics that he confidently expects from them, for the sake of peace and unity, sacrifices of every nature, even of that of their dioceses. If after this exhortation, they refuse to make the sacrifice demanded for the weal of the Church (a

refusal which His Holiness does not anticipate) provision for the government of the bishoprics newly circumscribed shall be named in the following manner: * * *

VIII. In all the Catholic Churches of France, the following formula of prayer shall be recited at the end of the divine service: '*Domine, saluum fac Rempublicam; Domine, salvos fac Consules.*'

IX. The bishops will establish new boundaries for the parishes of their dioceses, which boundaries shall not be effective until the government approves them. * * *

XI. The bishops may have Chapters for their cathedrals, and seminaries for their dioceses, but the government does not oblige itself to endow them.

XII. All the metropolitan, cathedral, parochial and other churches which have not been confiscated and which are necessary to religion, shall be placed at the disposition of the bishops.

XIII. For the sake of peace, and for the sake of a happy restoration of the Catholic religion, His Holiness declares that neither he nor his successors will in any way trouble those who have acquired confiscated church property; and that therefore the right to such property now rests secure in their hands, or in those of their representatives.

XIV. The government will provide proper revenues for the bishops and pastors whose dioceses and parishes will be included within the new boundaries.

XV. The government will take measures to the end that Catholics, when they so desire, may endow their churches.

XVI. His Holiness recognizes in the First Consul of the French Republic the same rights and prerogatives which the olden government enjoyed.

XVII. The contracting parties agree that in case any one of the successors of the present First Consul should not be a Catholic, a new Concordat shall determine as to his enjoyment of the rights and prerogatives above mentioned, and in the matter of the nomination of bishops."

It will be seen by the articles of agreement quoted, that Pope Pius VII allowed such of the property of the Catholic Church as had been sold by the government, during the ten years of pillage and plunder, to remain undisturbed in the hands of its holders. He thus relinquished the ownership of churches, hospitals, monasteries, schools and similar institutions, bought by Catholics and turned over to atheists. But the pope relinquished no right to any of the stolen property that had not been sold, and with few exceptions, the churches had not been sold, for reasons that are readily apparent. These churches were returned to the bishops—and by way of a slight restitution for the stolen property, a slight support was to be given to the pastors—not even a small fraction of the interest due upon the property stolen from the Church by the government.

But the signing of the Concordat did not end the struggle. "It soon transpired," says Dr.

Parsons again, that "Bonaparte, taking a malicious advantage of the clause which declared that the Catholic worship should be public 'in conformity with such police regulation as the government may deem necessary for public tranquillity,' caused the Corps Legislatif to adopt and ordered to be annexed to the Concordat, a series of articles which never had been mentioned during the negotiations and which were veritable attacks upon the rights of the Church. These famous Organic Articles were 77 in number, but fortunately, they did not effect as much harm as they threatened. Many of them soon fell into disuse, and Napoleon's own good sense corrected the others."

Among other things, these Organic Articles declared that no decree of the General Councils of the Church could be published before the French Government had examined them; that no Synod, Assembly, Metropolitan or National Council of the Church could be held without the permission of the French Government, and they presumed to determine the rights and duties of bishops, the relation of the bishops with the Roman Pontiff, and the manner in which the bishops were to exercise their jurisdiction. An immediate protest was made to the French Government against the method of publishing the Articles, which were put together in such manner as to lead the unwary into believing that they were a part of the Concordat, and recognized as such by the Roman Pontiff; but the government insisted that the Organic

Articles were "a matter purely domestic, which need not be submitted to the Holy See." Not until 1817 was the Church able to have the French Government concede that "The Organic Articles, which were prepared without the knowledge of His Holiness and published without his consent, are abrogated as far as they contain anything contrary to the doctrine and law of the Church."

After valiantly defending its rights throughout the storms of the troublous years, once more the Church of Rome beheld the fulfillment of the promise of its Divine Founder. "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Peace was once more restored, and after forfeiting the greater portion of its worldly possessions, the Catholic Church began to establish once more the work so ruthlessly destroyed by the enemy. Soon the churches had pastors and new colleges, seminaries, schools, lyceums, academies, hospitals, orphanages, homes for the poor and the aged, were again provided for by the zeal and charity of the people of the Catholic Church. In this manner, up to the present trouble, more than \$100,000,000 have been contributed and put in trust with private citizens, for the purposes of education, of charity and of religious services.

In this twentieth century, more than one hundred years after the signing of the Concordat, the reins of government have again fallen into the hands of men who represent the Reign of Terror, and the Church has been declared ripe for another plucking. The work of vandalism began in 1879, and

within the next year, hundreds of Catholic schools and colleges were closed by force, the religious teachers driven out of their homes, and within the last three years at least 16,000 Catholic schools, academies and colleges have been closed throughout France. The religious men and women conducting these institutions were told that they could ask for an authorization, but when they did ask it, their requests went into the waste basket.

Between 100,000 and 200,000 religious, convicted of no crime and without trial, were put upon the street. Priests and brothers, aged and feeble nuns, those who had spent a lifetime within the quiet of the cloister, were suddenly turned out into the world like so many cattle, with no provision for a crust of bread, for shelter from the storms, or for a night's lodging. Like the Master in whose footsteps they aimed to humbly follow, these people learned full well the meaning of poverty, and went out into a strange world, many of them exiled from their native land, robbed of their possessions and left without a place whereon to lay their weary heads, all for the crime of expressing a religious belief.

"Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

The scenes of these terrible three years of struggle were not permitted to be sent out through the press dispatches, but the pilgrims brought the gruesome tale to the four corners of the world. The Catholic schools have been replaced in France with atheist schools, conducted with the avowed

purpose of bringing up the youth of the land in a hatred of Christ, and without Christian morality.

The last step in the "Reign of Terror" was the driving of bishops and priests from their homes, and the confiscating of these homes and some thirty thousand churches and other properties of the Catholic Church. All this has been done under a law passed last year, the notorious law of "Associations for Worship," "*Associations Cultuelles*." By this law, the bishops and priests are ordered to give up all control and management of everything connected with the church property and church services. The property of the Catholics must be put in the hands of a "committee associations" of laymen, who propose to manage everything—churches, property, residences, bequests, the religious services—all according to the dictates of the atheist government.

It is easy to see that no man with half a conscience could thus yield up his obligations before God and man. And so, the pope, the bishops and the pastors of all France, with one voice, have said: *Non possumus*—we cannot. And this is the pretext upon which the entire episcopate, the whole body of the secular clergy, the pastors of the churches, are being turned into the streets, as the hundred or two hundred thousand religious teachers and servants of the poor have been turned into the streets before them. During the past twelve months, the Reign of Terror, in order to be sure of its plunder, has sent its agents to each of the 30,000 Catholic churches to make a

complete list of every scrap of property connected with each individual church. This list includes everything, even to the vestments and the chalices used in the tabernacle on the altar, and all this is now being seized as each bishop and pastor is put out upon the streets. In our own country, a thief who robs the altar is considered too low even for the association of thieves. Other crimes may be condoned in the minds of the people, but the church robber goes down under the unanimous verdict, regardless of religious convictions. Then, what of the church thieves of France, even though they be vested with the powers with which the Reign of Terror has clothed them?

The whole case is made plain in the words of M. Briand, the Minister of Education, who in addressing the school teachers of the new atheist schools, said: "The time has come to root up from the minds of French children the ancient faith that has served its purpose, and replace it with the light of free thought. It is time to get rid of the Christian idea. We have hunted Jesus Christ out of the army, the navy, the schools, the hospitals, the insane asylums, the orphan asylums and the law courts, and now we must hunt Him out of the state altogether."

But M. Briand has reckoned without his host, and freedom of conscience will live, even though all the atheists of the universe, as one man, sent forth an edict to the contrary. For God reigns, and Justice and Truth will eventually win. The *fleur-de-lis* of France may drip again with the blood

of Catholic martyrs, but the persecution will but fan to greater zeal the faith of a people who have shown a willingness to lose all rather than bend for an instant to the power of the atheist government in matters of conscience and religion.

Napoleon, who boasted that all the crowned heads of Europe bent to his will, learned that the Vatican could not be forced or coerced upon matters of religion. Napoleon, when a lonely prisoner on a desert island, cried out in his anguish: "I have slept on the bed of kings and have gone mad" and so the present atheist rulers of France have slept in the bed of the beggar and gone mad with power! Pope Pius VII, whom Napoleon held prisoner and tried to starve into submission to his will, died a free man, mourned by a nation and lived to see the great Napoleon die in chains.

There is no cause for alarm for the Church in France. It has withstood the storms of centuries and the temporary whims of the fanatics will harm the Church no more than a summer zephyr can harm the country accustomed to the cyclone. The Catholic people appeal for the justice of their cause, to the Universal World, and await the decision calmly and serenely, certain that it cannot fail to be with justice and right, when allied against persecution and robbery.

The boasted Republic of France, with the exiling of its subjects for no greater crime than expressing a religious belief, comes dangerously near to a monarchy, and the internal storms now blustering within itself can but result to the good of France

as well as to the vindication of the Church of Rome, even though that vindication may cost the Church millions of dollars worth of property to-day, as it did more than a hundred years ago.

Meantime, the order of the day is to render unto Clemenceau the things that are Clemenceau's, and to God, the things that are God's.

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